

Far-Eastern Sketches.



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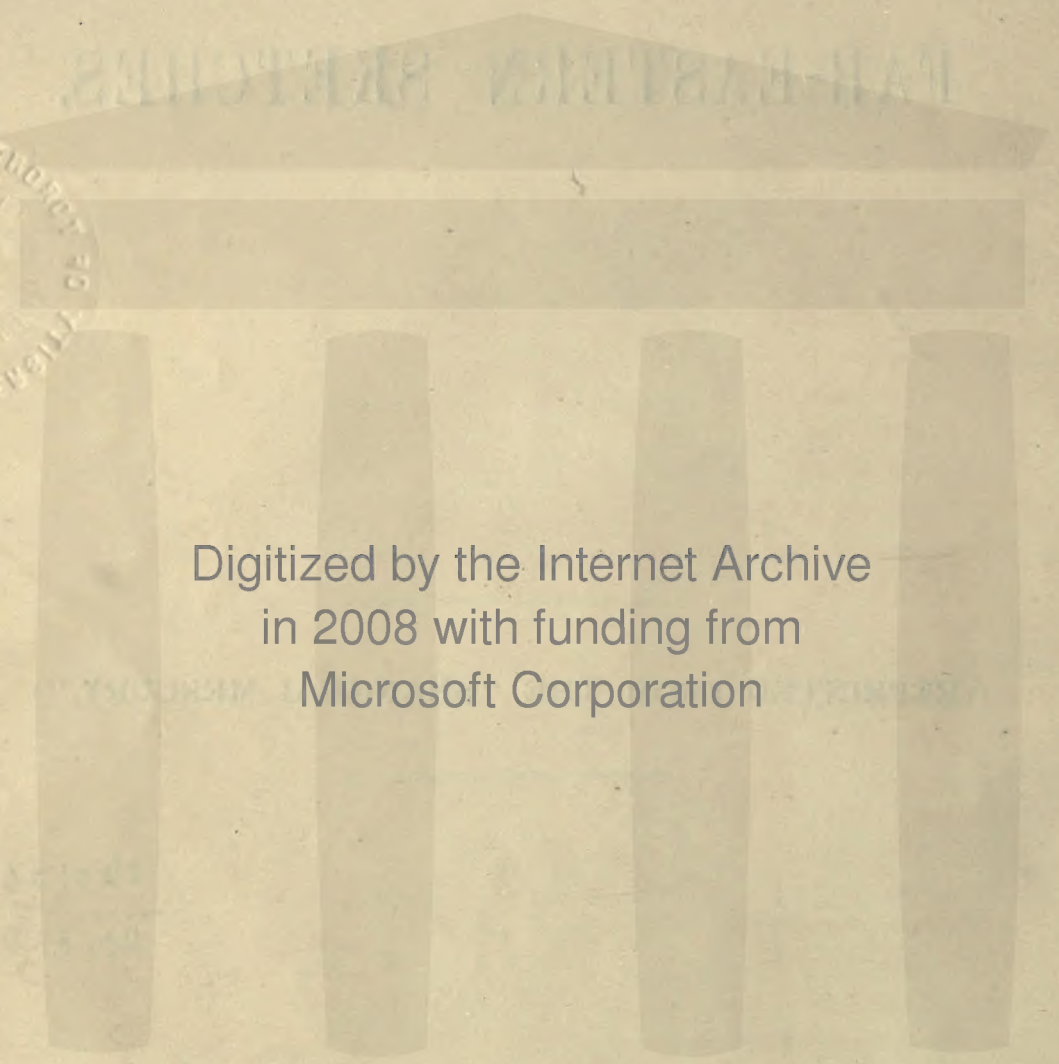
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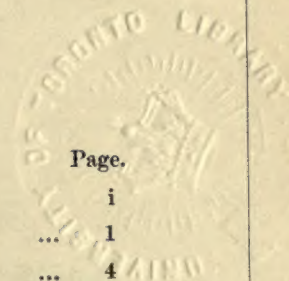
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PREFACE.



THE series of articles contained in the following pages were published in the columns of the Shanghai Mercury in the course of several years, and, although reprinted at the time of first publication, have not hitherto been issued to the public in book form. Owing to the changes which have occurred even in conservative China since they were written, many of the incidents described have now only an historical interest, but nevertheless, we believe most of the sketches are not lacking in literary merit and may even yet be read with pleasure, and we therefore offer the collection to the public.

Shanghai, June, 1906,

MISSION WORK AT "PALACE OF TRUTH."

A missionary ought to find very little employment for his efforts in a palace of truth, but the Mongol village that boasts of this name is neither conspicuous for its palatial appearance, nor for any great fondness for truth on the part of its inhabitants. I stayed there a short time, and can testify to a much greater fondness for receiving medicine *gratis*, inspecting a Foreigner's goods, making holes in his paper windows, and generally amusing themselves at his expense.

Though itself but a small village, it is the seat of a Mongol prince, and the capital of his little kingdom, and in it and the surrounding villages, which are numerous, the Mongol element very largely predominates over the Chinese. It is situated about three days journey N.E. of Chao-yang—very prettily in the angle of a river and its tributary—encircled by mountains, and with sloping commons about it, and a good sprinkling of trees. It contains a Mongol *yamên*, a few Mongol and Chinese soldiers, three inns, and one or two shops. The Mongols here seem to have held their own against the rebels of two years ago, and the houses and temples are intact. Of the latter there are three, very finely built, with some five hundred Llamas in attendance.

Every one who has no merit of his own seems to set up as a distant relative of the prince. At first this personage impresses you with a certain amount of respect especially when you are requested to dismount in passing the entrance to his residence—but when, once a day, some half-starved individual comes along and claims distant relationship to the prince,

your reverence for his greatness begins to diminish. He appears to be quite an autocrat, and rules with exceptional severity. The slaves of his household, I was solemnly told, get a beating all round every eighth day whether they want it or not, just to keep them up to the mark. The Mongols all stand in awe of him. Offence to the prince, loss of land or other property, persecution from friends, and boycotting by their fellow villagers await most Mongols who forsake their idols and become Christians. With the Llamas (priests), the case seems even more hopeless, as their existence is bound up with that of the temple in which they serve, each Llama being so much essence of Mongol Buddhism. But greater perhaps than any outward hindrance is the Mongol's superstitious and sensual nature—the greatest barrier is after all within themselves.

I lived a fortnight in the Palace of Truth, dispensing medicine and preaching, and occasionally giving a magic lantern exhibition. The latter took place at night in the open air, and were attended by Mongols from miles round. They were doubtless the most popular element in my visit. I worked the lantern with cold fingers, a military friend kept the course clear with a stout stick, and my Chinese boy explained the scripture and European slides; a kangaroo was regularly advertized as an English rat, and a very highly coloured bird with a wonderful tail became a specimen of an ordinary English fowl. At the end of one exhibition a Mongol offered to join the "Jesus religion" if I would only allow him to work the missionary lantern.

As no Foreigner had ever visited the place before, I was the object of no small curiosity. I don't think I had a solid half-hour to myself (out of bed) from the time I set foot in the inn till the time I left. As I consider it a part of a missionary's duty to enlighten the eyes of the heathen as well as their hearts, I always allow a free inspection of myself and some of my goods to any well-behaved audience. For the first few days, after dispensing from directly after breakfast till nearly noon, I was "on show" for the rest of the day. My paper windows soon looked as if a dynamite explosion had taken place not far away. The wearisomeness of being continually gazed at is difficult to imagine. How Gilmour endured it for months at a time I can't think. A ride out at noon was the only respite during the day, but this was so alarming to the Mongols that I had to proceed cautiously, and at first keep within view on the common. That I should go out simply for exercise was not to be believed by people who never indulged in it unless it took the shape of working their lower jaws. I was supposed to be ruining the "feng shui" of the place, and calling down untold disasters from the gods.

Their opposition to Foreigners was not concealed. I was plainly told I should be turned out directly the prince came back from Peking. Then the Llamas of a great temple ten miles away said they were coming to do this much for me if I didn't soon clear. Only once I had a little trouble, when a rude Llama tried to force his way into my room during dispensing time. A few pieces of mortar were thrown at me by the crowd (come to get medicine gratis!) but a military official came along and restored order.

The big temple just referred to is ten miles away at Fo Lama Ssü. I visited it one day with my boy and the Llamas there proved true to their word. It is one of the largest temples in Inner Mongolia, with 5,000 attendant priests, 3,600 of whom are engaged in temple service.

After looking at the temple (we were not allowed inside), a large crowd of Llamas gathered, in their yellow robes, and began to get noisy. Our horses were in the yard of a Llama's house and we quietly untied them and walked off. He wouldn't take, by the way, any money for allowing our beasts to be left in his yard. His house and yard didn't belong to him. "They belong," he said, "to Buddha and no one else." However, he became Buddha's treasurer to the extent of 500 cash and that without much persuasion. The crowd getting noisier we got on our beasts and made haste slowly. A few stones, bits of mortar and wood, then began to rain around and my horse was struck several times with a stick. By turning rapidly round once or twice, and making as though I would charge, the crowd fell back and enabled us to get away without further trouble. They continued to call out "kill them," but no one had courage enough to try. They didn't know what power the Foreigner might secretly wield. It was little enough just then if they had only known.

Despite opposition, however, my first visit to the Palace of Truth was not without encouraging results. The number of patients a day averaged about 70 and they generally listened very attentively as we preached to them at intervals during dispensing. I should have been better understood if I could have spoken in Mongol, but most of the Mongols of this place can speak a little Chinese. The last few days my medicines gave out and I had to fall back on tooth pulling. A few successfully drawn teeth brought me all the rotten stumps of the district to practise upon. Amusement ran high as every one egged on his neighbour to be tortured for the sport of the community, but lacked courage enough to come himself.

I found one Christian here when I arrived. He is the Prince's watchman, and his name is Liu. Though in appearance and dress a beggar, a brave and loyal heart beats beneath his rags, and shines through his

dirty face. For five years he had not seen the face of a fellow Christian—he was several days out in regard to Sunday—yet this solitary witnesser to the truth, in one of the high places of idolatry, had so maintained his Christian character, as well as his belief, that he was respected by all, and looked upon by the Prince as the one steady and absolutely reliable servant he had. A Chinese schoolmaster and tutor to the Prince's two boys had become so interested in Christianity through his means that he expressed a wish to be baptized, and to confess himself openly the Christian he is already at heart. Faithful watchman! As I heard him going his rounds while the village was wrapped in darkness and slumber, he seemed not to be in the service of any Earthly prince, but to be a watchman to the Prince of Peace, and with every tap of his gong to be warning his sleeping countrymen to awake out of their slumber of death. At Kuli'rh, two days north of this place, I came upon another solitary Christian amongst a large Chinese population, and overjoyed to look once more into the face of a fellow Christian. Probably neither of them do much actual preaching, but their unswerving loyalty to Christ, and the silent testimony of their Christian lives have poured forth a daily eloquence easily understood by all, and more forcible than many sermons.

One day we were rejoiced to see a young Mongol come forward and ask to have his name entered as an enquirer. He appeared to be quite sincere in his wish, but his notions of Christianity were very fleshly, and when I asked him if he were willing to suffer persecution on account of his faith he said "He'd like to know the person who dare persecute him—he should do as he pleased in his own

house." He was, by the way, one of the prince's "distant relatives"—I'ma fraid not a very promising case. The prince's carter (also a Mongol) expressed a similar desire to enter the Jesus religion, but he failed to attend any of the services held every evening in my room.

The schoolmaster did, however, and a Chinese barber came regularly, and the former greatly enjoyed reading the "Pilgrim's Progress." The latter had very crude notions about Christianity but he said "If there's anything I'm doing now that I ought not, if you'll tell me what it is, I am quite willing to give it up." I thought this a very good start—"if any man will *do* my will he shall *know* of the doctrine."

Three other Chinamen also wished to join us, and expressed themselves as finding no satisfaction in their present beliefs.

Thus the Chinaman, as is ever the case, is far more ready to accept the truth than his more timid and ignorant Mongol brother. Though we repeatedly tell them this is not a Foreigner's doctrine but God's, they fear the Foreigner's influence. A Chinese sect, it seems, at the time of the rebellion made many Mongol converts in these parts, but afterwards turned against them and joined the insurgents. They fear the same of us, they say, though we never cease to proclaim the fact that we have come on the other hand in the interests of peace and goodwill.

In fear of their prince, in the grip of a vast and powerful religious system, enslaved by superstition and corrupted by vice, the outlook for the Mongols is anything but hopeful. But our faith is in One who knows of no difficulty and by the working and influence of whose Spirit this miscalled "Palace of Truth" may come some day to be more worthy of its beautiful name.

AN EXECUTION IN MONGOLIA.

There are some sights one has a morbid curiosity to see, but once witnessed they are ever after shunned by the memory, or called up only with a shudder. An execution is one of these. Even the solemnity which attends such a scene in more civilized lands cannot rob it of its gruesomeness, but in China or Mongolia, when the occasion is a free entertainment for the public, who gloat in its heartless accompaniments, it is a sight the once seeing satisfies for a life-time. Hearing, one morning at Chaoyang—a city in Inner Mongolia—that five robbers were to be executed that day, I determined to pocket humanitarian feelings and witness the event.

At about ten o'clock, half the city were filing leisurely through the Southern Gate towards the execution ground, and thither I wended my steps. It is a sandy space, partly surrounded by the ruins of the old city wall, which form a fine gallery for spectators, and was already well packed when I arrived, some having come early to secure a good position. Shopmen were there with their aprons as if they had momentarily left their work; hawkers with their baskets of wares; and labourers from the fields, with their tools in their hands, who had forsaken their toil for a little recreation and excitement. The scholar, too, with his robes, and the better classes strolled idly about, and greeted one another with smiles and bows; a few children also might be seen, and mothers, who had left for a moment the tending of their babes, to watch, like so many Madame Difargeses, the shedding of human blood.

Presently a gun was heard, fired from the yamén in the city, whence the procession of soldiers, mandarin, and victims, was to start for the execution ground. It was the signal that they had left, and at the sound voices were instantly hushed, and a sudden silence came upon the multitude, like that when the signal of the commencement of some great race is heard, and everyone was telling his neighbour: "They have started."

My imagination followed the prisoners—one Mongol and four Chinamen—leaving their cells, where for several days they had been half starved, hustled into open carts, with manacled feet, and hands bound behind their backs—perhaps, through the action of someone anxious to gain "merit," offered a little spirit to drink as they left the yamén—and then closely guarded by soldiers, commencing their last ride through the familiar streets, with the gaze of hundreds upon them, every jolt bringing them nearer to a death of unknown terror.

Ten minutes after the firing of the gun and the procession is in sight, and has reached the ground. The mandarin is accommodated with a temporary mat-shed, and the two tumbrels, with their prisoners, are drawn up to be unloaded; and then, for the first time, the pale terror-stricken faces of the doomed five are in full view of the crowd. With unnecessary violence and cruelty, with shouting and bustle and noise, they are hustled down from the carts, some falling on their feet, some on their hand and knees, and with a soldier to each (how merciless these soldiers can be when a helpless

man is in their hands!) they are placed side by side close to the left of the mandarin's tent. The executioner has taken up his place some twenty yards in front, and a course is kept clear between him and the mandarin by a posse of about a dozen soldiers. He is a big burly man, with a fat, jolly-looking face, wears a yellow apron, and an official hat, and carries an instrument more like a heavy chopper than a sword. A second executioner, similarly dressed and equipped, stands at his side with one or two assistants.

No particular order seems to be observed in the selection of the prisoners for execution, and the torture of suspense is added to their sufferings, as they know not whose turn may be first or whose last. Their five pale faces—already with the death-sweat upon them—stand out like statues against the dark crowd. Frozen horror is chiselled on their countenances, as they stare fixedly over the heads of the people and seem to be seeing ghostly visions in space; or look wildly up to where the executioner stands ready for his task.

One face in particular I shall never forget. It was of a young fellow about twenty-five. The nose was aquiline, and the features of an intellectual cast. The nostrils were dilated, the mouth partly opened, and the chin thrust forward. The countenance was ashy pale, and the eyes, starting from their sockets, seemed to contemplate some scene of horror. His hair streamed back from his forehead as if blown by a breeze, just as if the head, already severed and alone, were flying along through space.

Without any signal the first is rudely seized—he is the Mongol and has stolen a horse—and facing him for a moment to the mandarin in his tent, he is turned swiftly round and with feet in irons and arms bound behind his back, tries to walk or hop with both feet, to keep pace with those who drag him along to where the executioner stands. Made to kneel, his thighs are pressed tight against his calves, his

head brought forward and chin strapped up to tighten the skin of the neck. An assistant then catches the pigtail and pulls it forward, another keeping the body in position from behind. All is ready, and no groan or sound has escaped the prisoner's lips. The executioner then does his work. First smacking the outstretched neck with the palm of the left hand, he gives vent to a loud and savage "Yah!" which seems to convert him for the moment into a demon, and lifting the chopper as high as his head let it fall upon, rather than strikes, the victim's neck. The head, pulled upon by the pigtail seems to shoot off from the trunk and rolls over and over several yards in front, the eyes being closed and death being apparently instantaneous. Proudly then the executioner struts round, with arms akimbo, and a smile of conscious merit on his big fat face, which looks up for the admiration of the crowd.

The second is a stout fellow. Like most of the others he has been a highway robber, but his face betrays unspeakable fear. The cords which bind him have cut into his arm, so cruelly have they been drawn. After him comes the young fellow before mentioned. His eyes have been strained on the two preceding victims. He has seen their bodies drop lifeless to the ground, and heard twice the swish of the chopper as it claved their necks. When his turn comes he closes his eyes. They hustle him along like the rest, and as he kneels he pleads "Kuai sha! Kuai sha!" (kill me quickly). He lives eternities in those few moments.

Then comes the fourth and then the last. Poor wretch, he has lived his own death four times over, not knowing each time if he might be the next. He is utterly exhausted and almost fainting. They attempt to drag him along as ruthlessly as the rest, but his strength is gone. He tries to keep pace with his manacled feet by hopping and shuffling, but falls with his face to the ground in sheer exhaustion. They lift him up and literally

carry him along. His body is limp and lifeless, and he is quite unable to kneel. An assistant comes forward and, planting his foot on his back, draws him up with a jerk by means of the cords which bind him. When they attempt to strap his chin, his head falls back over his shoulders. Four men are holding him up while the executioner, first making a blood mark with the edge of the knife on his neck, to mark the spot to aim at, gives his preliminary yell, and bringing down the blade, puts an end to the poor fellow's agonies. Probably they had ceased long before, however. The heads are then strung together on a pole, the bodies buried almost

where they lie, to be exhumed by the dogs on the morrow, and the head-bearer, making his way leisurely among the crowd, with an occasional "by your leave," carries his burden to their new resting-place in some conspicuous spot in the city, occasionally dumping them down in the dust as he goes along.

The people disperse to their houses and work—the mother to her home and the labourer to his fields. No pulse has beat the faster, no pillow will be any the less soft, for the witnessing of the sufferings of five fellow-creatures. Before the sun sets it has ceased to be a topic of conversation, and become the mere unchronicled incident of a day.

OF GLOBE-TROTTERS.

The globe-trotter, as a mark for gentle satire and criticism, is by no means a recent invention—doubtless the very first appearance of the species evoked, in the regions he frequented, those mixed feelings with which his (or her) appearance is greeted at the present day. It would be hard, to define at what period of history globe-trotting, as a science or occupation, actually began. When Cain, after slaying his brother, went out into the world without any particular object in view, he was probably the first ancestor of the breed; Ishmael too, whose hand was against every man, added a feature which to-day belongs largely to the type; Odysseus, Aeneas, Pliny, and Peter the Hermit were representative globe-trotter of their respective days; and the wandering Jew's mythical character would seem to be built up of all the scattered attributes of the idle rambles who "did" Europe in the Middle Ages. In those good old days the luxuries of travel were necessarily few and comfort unknown; guide-books were not, and the only "places of interest" usually shown to wayfarers consisted of the stocks and the gaol. But other inducements to brave the perils of field and flood were never wanting, and—to take one notable instance—the Crusades will remain to all time as a monument to the energy and advertising genius of the tourist agencies of their period. The knights-errant of chivalry were simply tourists—with a ridiculous excuse for leaving their houses—a man went about in those days collecting Saracens' heads and maidens in distress, just as to-day he goes in for bronzes or blue and white. Lancelot's

expenses were naturally less than Smith's—in fact he never paid for anything—but his real object was the same—globe-trotting, to wit.

The ever-genial author of the "Sentimental Journey"—a traveller himself, mark you, but no objectless devourer of time and distance,—divides in his days the genus globe-trotter into three species—which classification still holds good, as far as it goes. Says he: "Your idle people that leave their native country and go abroad, do so for some reason or reasons which may be derived from one of these general causes: 1, Infirmary of Body, 2, Imbecility of Mind, or 3, Inevitable Necessity"—an assertion somewhat sweeping but, in the main, justifiable. Things have altered, of course, since those lines were written—with the advent of railways, etc., and the invention of millionaires, "putting a girdle round the world" has become a fashionable pursuit. Yet the fashion is but a form of mental weakness,—now as in Sterne's day. It is soothing for such of us whose presence on these shores is due to (3), Inevitable Necessity, to classify our nomadic visitors under 1, or 2, as may seem best to us.

But even as there be rats and rats, the genus globe-trotter is in these times subdivisible into many species and varieties—amongst whom the loafer, pure and simple, is probably best beloved of mankind—your hearty, well-fed Dives without hobbies or ulterior motive in his wanderings. In Sterne's day the female specimen was so rare as to have escaped his notice—a notice which, had she been then as she is to-day,

would assuredly have been in his best and most forcible manner. Heaven preserve you from your independent female globe-trotter—and more especially from that type (becoming, alas! every day more numerous) which penetrates everywhere, note-book in hand, looks on all things, sacred and common, as so much “copy.” A passion to examine the remote corners of the earth has become in these immodest days one of the many unpleasant features of our Anglo-Saxon woman-kind—a passion rendered the more evil by its keenness for rushing into print. Be their excuse what it may—religion, art, or scientific discoveries (save the mark!); be the writer a Miss Annie Taylor, a Gordon Cumming, a Lady Brassey, or a Miss Bird, the result is the same—a painfully surprised public, and a book where grammar, common-sense and truth are equally defied. Wherein lies the germ of this horrid and widespread cacoëthes? Is it in the modern female’s longing to assert her “rights” and her capabilities in the face of her male oppressor? Is it simple vanity, or the still more feminine virtue of representing things as they are not? Who shall say? The desire of the globe-trotter to button-hole mankind, and tell the story of his wanderings, is an ancient human failing—we have been accustomed to it, and the first mental pabulum given us in youth is the result thereof; but the books of the modern lady explorer have added new terrors to existence.

Sterne had observed in his day the way of the note-taking chiel, for of “Tristram Shandy” he says:—“Now I think it very much amiss “that a man cannot go quietly through a “town and let it alone when it does not “meddle with him, but that he must be “turning about and drawing his pen at every “kennel he crosses over, merely—o’ my “conscience—for the sake of drawing it.” To what a nicety does this description agree with the making of the modern book of travel! Oh! Miss Bird, you and your class have a deal to answer for—the myriad simple memories of stay-at-home British spinsters filled with distorted facts; things seem by your untrained eyes and represented by your unphilosophic minds. How many years of accurate observation are needed to undo the work of one such book as the “Golden Chersonese”—which every settler in those regions has been cursing at *his* ease, since it appeared—or of those “Unbeaten Tracks in Japan”—unbeaten only for impudence? Verily, there should be legislation in these matters.

And we, in the outlands which the globe-trotter frequents, have but the resource of lying to him when he—or she—maketh a book—a poor resource, though better than none. And it is probably partly through jealousy of his freedom and full purse, but more because we know that we and our lives are at the point of his wild pen, that we meet the globe-trotter with caution, and speak of him with gentle irony.

DOG DAYS ON A RAFT.

FROM KAITING TO YACHOW.

"You'll never be able to do it" was the emphatic conclusion of the Chinese teacher, when the project was mooted, the reason therefore being that "nobody ever goes that way—they go overland in chairs—all great men do." Since we are not "great men," neither are willing to accept as impossible a thing that has not been attempted, we decided to go that way, and set about securing a raft.

At the point opposite the city of Kaiting, where, in the presence of the celebrated statue of Buddha, cut into the cliff face that at this point towers above the river Min, from the north, and the Tung and Ya rivers, from the west, mingle their waters in a mad rush to join old Father Yangtze at Sui-fu, boat navigation, westward, but for a short distance, becomes impossible. The rivers are swift, shallow, and capricious, for even the flat-bottomed nondescript craft of all kinds that do duty for boats in Szechwan; yet, as a means of transit for goods, any waterway is too important to be overlooked where coolie carriers are the only alternative. Bamboos are everywhere in profusion, providing a material well adapted for the form this inland navigation has assumed, being light, pliable, capable of great resistance, and cheap. Seventy feet in length by twelve in width was the construction brought round to the river gate for our inspection. Length had been joined to length of the large-sized bamboo, till the full length required was secured. The smaller and forward ends had been heated and turned upward into a kind of

prow, sufficient width being gained by lashing length to length with bamboo withes. Along the centre of the raft, for nearly its full length and about three-fifths of its breadth, is a platform raised some fifteen inches above the deck, on which all goods are placed so as to ensure freedom from wetting, a serious menace in a vessel whose single row of bamboos is at once keel and deck. Our quarters were placed amidships; and consisted of a couple of bamboo mats stretched across a light frame-work, enclosing a lattice-work of smaller bamboos some six feet long, and just wide enough to hold two comfortably,—much too low to stand upright in—a box for a table, and the accommodation was complete. As there was generally an inch or more of water on the deck, the only way to get out of our bed-cabin was to dispense with all feet gear, and after the example of the crew, do our toilet as well as our cooking in the open air, and vegetate, generally, for the time the voyage lasted.

A heavy rain, two days previously, had converted the usually swift river into a raging torrent; and when in the brightest of sunlight, and with some misgiving as to the outcome, we pushed out from the shelter of the wall at Kaiting, the current took charge of the craft, and carried us down with such velocity that any hope of stopping for a few miles seemed to be out of the question. Four men, with as many oars, did their level best to reach the opposite shore. Eventually we landed at the tail-end of a low, sandy island,

and, finding an inside creek, began to push the raft against the current, and so the journey up really commenced.

The usual method of navigating is for two men to be in the water pushing and guiding the raft, while the other two are on shore towing, not with the plaited bamboo ropes, so much in use on the lower river, but single strips of green bamboo tied securely so as to form a long, thin, light rope, easily handled and easily replaced. With strenuous effort we gained a mile on the original starting-place across the river, and then tied up to await the convoy of rafts with which we were to travel. Mutual help and protection impel these men to travel in small fleets of from four to ten rafts, so that at difficult rapids they can combine the crews and do what singly would be impossible. The convoy appeared next morning and with commendable despatch we set out. The motion of a raft is so gentle and gliding, the sense of safety so apparent, that after the long boat ride from the coast, where rocks were our chief foes and kept us constantly on the alert, it was a welcome relief to be able to run upon a rock and take no harm.

Past the mouth of the dusky-brown Tung, whose waters sweep round the foot of giant Mount O, we found the Ya clearer, and quieter, and the adjacent country prosperous and highly cultivated.

Fishing in all its forms is here carried on with vigor by the farmers in the slack seasons. Tiny rafts of half-a-dozen bamboos with a couple of men and a row of cormorants, or the same kind of vessel with father and son, the cormorant being replaced by the other, a restless uneasy creature whose use was less obvious than the cormorants to our eyes. Scoop nets and long lines, with hundreds of hooks attached, and sunk to the bottom of the river, are also much in vogue. And the angler, too, is not absent, though his success is a marvel. A hastily prepared

bamboo rod, with a coarse line, and, if the fishing be done from the shore, half-a-dozen rods are stuck into the bank, and the angler oversees the operations rather than enjoys the sport. Sport, in the abstract, is a meaningless sound to a Chinaman up here. More often, however, the shallow river compels the angler to seek the deeper holes in the centre of the stream—a very amusing picture, as unique as interesting. Airily clad in a big straw hat and a pair of sandals, also of straw—protection for extremities from sun and stones—wrapped around by the soft clinging atmosphere of Szechwan, deepened by distance, a basket for his prey slung across his shoulder, the rod grasped in the right hand, and clumsy reel for manipulating line in the left—your angler stands, patient, original—perhaps *the* original—Izaak Walton, to the contrary notwithstanding!

The further west one goes, the freer and friendlier the people become. Poor they are, and a little curious—only healthily so, however, always respectful, so that travelling here is a vast improvement in that respect from the lower river, especially east of Ichang.

The hills are wonderfully attractive,—being clothed with grass and foliage, —whenever a foothold is possible.

Raft travelling is to be commended in fine weather, but when the change comes, then look out! One night we retired to the deep bass of reverberating thunder, and the boatmen went round making everything snug before all became lost in the confusion of the storm. At length it broke upon us in all the fury of a mountain region. Quick, blinding lightning, heavy continuous thunder, a dead atmosphere, and then, without warning, a sudden gust, to be succeeded by more furious blasts, and the rain beat down in a fell torrent. Our overhead mats, soaked through, became too heavy for the frame, and so settled down in the middle, converting the roof into a great funnel that in turn poured the water down upon the bed and

us. Escape we could not—the bed quickly became another funnel, only there seemed to be no discharges. With what patience and philosophy we could summon, we lay and waited for the day. Daylight revealed to us a condition of things only possible where the mountains are so near the river, that an immediate discharge of surplus water is made direct into the stream. A thousand rills and torrents made the hillsides vocal, while the river, that only a few hours ago was nearly clear and fairly tranquil, was now a dirty forbidding brown, and a perfect sea of billows all along its centre, while at the side the waves lapped the shore and soughed like the rising tide of an ocean. Instead of being on the towing-path, we were now in a cornfield, 15 feet above last night's level, painfully toiling against an increasing current to some place where mooring would be safer, when, without a moment's warning, our tow-line parted and, minus half our crew, we were soon shifting rapidly down and out into the awful rush of the mid-river torrent, to inevitable catastrophe. The boatmen, however, kept their heads and guided the raft towards a jutting point of land that would ensure an easier current on the further side of it; and here the plucky captain, taking the mooring rope in his grasp, made a leap for the shore. Falling short of it he scrambled along through the brush and choking water, now up among the trees and bushes, and, planting his feet against a stone, tried to bring the raft to a stand, but she had too much way on, and disdainfully plucked him from his holding, dragged him into the river, where, almost choked, gasping and sputtering, brave fellow that he was, he had to let go the rope to avoid drowning. Again our crew was diminished by a half, and with him our last hope seemed to go. But the fellow at the stern oar—that serves for both steering and propelling in turn—kept steady, and put her head towards the shore where all the farmers were out scooping in the little fish that had sought shelter in the grass, at the rising of the river. By dexterous handling, the raft neared

the shore, and seizing the mooring rope we threw it to a countryman with a shout—"Here put this round that stone, quick—we'll give you lots of cash;" he made a grab and caught the rope, but in so doing dropped something from his hand and knocked his hat off; and, even in the midst of the excitement and fear, we could but notice the force of habit in the fellow. Before passing the rope over the stone, heedless of our urgent shouts, careful John stooped, picked up his things, put his hat on, placed the other article in his girdle, and then attended to our request. During this vexatious delay we almost lost the little advantage gained, and should certainly have gone to pieces in a tremendous rapid at the foot of a cliff a little below, but just then the fellow who had jumped ashore came running up and seized the rope, which, between them, they secured, and so saved us from the flood.

About forty *li* below Yachow is one of the prettiest little gorges to be met with in all the journey from the seaboard. The river takes three sudden turns, and flows through almost perpendicular walls at some places with a couple of waterfalls and an island, well wooded, tenanted with the usual temple and priests, who levy a tax for the services rendered to the raftsmen, by their control of the local water demons. Three guns are fired, and this ensures a safe passage at the point where a somewhat difficult crossing has to be made. This much may be said for one's experience—one gun proved to be refractory, and failed to go off, and sure enough one of our rafts was carried down the river, *ergo* :—

From this point the progress was irritatingly slow, and we were glad to catch a glimpse of the Yachow walls.

The city is picturesquely built, circled, and bold clear-cut mountains, at the point where all navigation ceases.

Being the centre of the tea trade as well as the point of departure for further Szzechwan, North-western Yunnan, and Tibet, it may form the subject of a later letter.

THE HOLY ISLAND OF POOTOO.*

ON the coast of the Chinese province of Che-kiang, at the south end of the bay of Hangchow, and around the little stretch of land which locks in the latter, lies a group of small islands of the existence of which European navigators scarcely knew anything up to 1840. After that time, however, in consequence of the occupation by the English during the Opium War, as well as after, it became one of the best known parts of China, and was most minutely explored. Europeans have given it the name of the Chusan Archipelago, which name is derived from the principal island, Chou-shan, corrupted into Chusan. It is impossible to give the exact number of the islands; the most of them are so small that they do not even invite the fishermen to live upon them, and even the larger ones are in area not more than five English square miles, except the principal island, Chusan. Their formation consists of quartz, trachyte, porphyry, sand-stone, and granite, and their stratification shows often quite plainly the violence of the catastrophe from which they received their present form. Chusan itself is situated under 30 degrees of latitude, and extends about 28 English miles

from the north-west to south-east, and has a width of about 12 English miles. To the south lies the city of Ting-hai, where the highest District Magistrate has his yamén. In the Chinese administrative system the Chusan Archipelago has the rank of a *chi-li-ting*, that is, of an independent sub-prefecture, and belongs to the larger seat of government, whose capital is the treaty port of Ningpo. As to the amount of the population in China, it is at all times very risky to make a statement. Of two authors (Bishop George Smith and Mr. Fauvel), both of whom are considered to know the Chusan Archipelago well, the one estimates the population of Chusan at one hundred and twenty thousand (120,000), the other at one million (1,000,000). The greater part of the inhabitants live by fishing, as well as by agriculture, which in the very fertile valleys and on the declivities of the hills is carried on with great zeal. Between Ningpo and Tinghai there exists a very lively trade.

Chusan was in the hands of the English, as already mentioned, from 1840 to 1845, with an interruption of eight months, and twenty-one million dollars were paid for it after

the Opium War. During all this time the people had the opportunity to test the value of English administration and justice. The effects, however, were, as an English missionary, who lived on the island in 1845, reports, that the well-to-do Chinese retreated to the mainland and that the desire to have a domestic government was pre-eminent.

The archipelago has, however, a particular importance for the Buddhistic world, especially on account of a little island quite close to the east, near the open sea. It has been chosen for the teachings of Çākya-muni and as one of the principal sanctuaries in the Far East. This small island, Pootoo, is well known to the inhabitants of Ningpo and Shanghai, and is often visited by them. It is situated a little to the east of Chusan, is girdled by rocks, and is about seven kilometers long and two kilometers wide. As the archipelago is not open to regular steam traffic, the traveller is obliged to use a Chinese junk from Ningpo. In this way, I, accompanied by two friends, visited Pootoo in the spring of 1891. On the 16th of May, at half-past four in the afternoon, we left the little fishing town, Chên-hai, situated at the mouth of the Yung River, about 20 kilometers from Ningpo. We had tried in vain, in the morning, whilst a strong north wind was blowing, to make an exode through the narrow passage with our Chinese sailing-boat. The sea was high, and our boat, about 10 metres long, having on it a small shed of wood and mats, was simply a plaything for the billows. At about half-past seven a.m. we reached Tinghai, in beautiful weather, after a night spent very disagreeably, and sailed on a smooth and glassy sea along the south edge of Chusan. To our right, numberless small hilly islands emerged from the waters, which were mostly bare, rarely inhabited, and still more rarely cultivated. The archipelago resembles here an inundated mountain region of which the summits project from the sea. At

two o'clock we arrived at a small bay near Pootoo, and stepping on shore we stood on a foot-path made of boulders which led upwards from the shore to the hills. Near the landing-place is a wooden portal with the inscription "All go over (to the Nirvana) in the ship of mercy." We soon reached the Temple of the White Lotus, accepted the friendly invitation which the priests extended to us, and took quarters there. We then went, without losing time, to explore the lovely island.

We first visited one of the two principal temples, named Pu-chi-ssi, about 3 kilometres to the north. We reached it by a wide foot-path which led us through luxurious groves of gigantic camphor and celtis trees. I must refrain from a description of the extensive and very well kept temple grounds, with their water-basins and high arched stone-bridges, their pavilions with their stone tablets, their gigantic halls and the numberless wooden idols. It would need a special essay, if I wished to give to my readers a somewhat distinct picture of a large Buddhist temple in China. Whoever wishes to know more about it, I would refer to Chapter 15 of Dr. Edkins' "Chinese Buddhism," where he especially describes the temples of Pootoo. But I will give on another page some historical dates and more facts about the holy island of Pootoo which are left out by Dr. Edkins and which are, as far as I know, nowhere published for the foreign reader. I have taken them from a Chinese chronicle, which appeared about the middle of the last century, under the title of "Description of the Temples of Pootoo, in the Southern Sea, as restored under Imperial Authority."

According to this work the devotion of the island to Buddhistic culture took place in the beginning of the 10th century, and to be exact, the year 945 A.D., when the temple of Pu-chi-ssi was founded, was the beginning of its special religious history. Pootoo has become, in the course of time, one of the four great centres

of Buddhism in East Asia, and its name is pronounced with reverence from the isles of Japan to the deserts of Mongolia. The four sites of Buddhist worship are Omei-shan, in the province of Szechwan, which is dedicated to Bodhisattva Samantabhadra, or, as its Chinese name means, "universal salvation," to P'u-hsien, Wu-t'ai-shan, in the province of Shansi, dedicated to Mañjugri, or in Chinese, Wên-shu, Chiu-hua-shan, in the province of Anhwei, dedicated to Ti-tsang-wang, and the island of P'u-to-shan, dedicated to Avalokitesvara, or in Chinese, Kuan-yin, as protecting saint. All these imaginary personifications are quite strange to the primitive Indian Buddhism. They originated in later literature, and were developed and changed on Chinese soil. The Ti-tsang-wang, who saves souls from hell, seems to be an entirely Chinese or Siamese product. As to age, Pootoo, as a centre of Buddhistic culture, occupies rather the last than the first place of the four sacred mountains. Already, in the beginning of the fourth century, a temple was erected on Omei-shan, and the relics of Wu-t'ai-shan are still older. About Chiu-hua-shan I do not know the dates; but in importance the island of Pootoo is not inferior to any of the three others, and many consider it the most famous meeting-place for Buddhist priests in all China. It is, as we have said already, dedicated to Kuan-yin, the "goddess of great pity." The name of the goddess is a translation from the North-Indian Bodhisattva Avalokiteśvara, who is also the protector of Tibet. The popular conception of this post-classical saint has changed entirely through Chinese ideas and notions, and since the beginning of the 12th century Kuan-yin, like P'u-hsien, on Omei-shan, has become according to popular belief, a powerful goddess, a gracious fairy, who protects the mariner on the stormy sea, who is called upon by the distressed to avert misfortune, and to whom women sacrifice in order to secure posterity. The legend tells us that the goddess has

come down from Heaven, spent several years at Pootoo to explain the teachings of Cākya-muni, to convince people of the emptiness of things and to direct their thoughts to the Nirvana. From what time the island has borne the so-called holy name of Pootoo, whether from its foundation or not, I cannot say; however, it seems pretty certain, according to the chronicle, that, towards the end of the 14th century, it had been already at certain times in use. The entire name in Chinese is Pō-tō-lo-chia, or in the ancient pronunciation Pō-tā-la-ka, a paraphrase of the Tibetan, that is Indian Pō-tā-la-ka, for which also Potalaka has been in use. This is likewise the name of the holy mountain near Lhāssa, the capital of Tibet, where the Dalai Lama resides. As Tibet is the favourite land of Kuan-yin and the Dalai Lama, her living incarnation, it is easy to understand that the name already given to one of her residences should be also given to the new island set apart to her worship. In general, however, this Tibetan name is considered to be transferred from the old Indian Potala, a river port on the delta of the Indus, probably the Tattah of to-day. Yet I do not consider this explanation of its origin as fully proved, so much the less as the name in Chinese is rendered *hsiao-pai-hua*, "small white flower," which would be entirely unintelligible with this derivation. The question of the origin of the celebrated word Potala is still an open one.

Let us now return again to our little island in the Chusan Archipelago. This has possessed, since ancient times, two principal temples, to which all the other smaller shrines with which the island is strewn are subordinate. They are the so-called "Front temple," with the name of Pu-chi-ssi (that is, "Temple for the salvation of all") and the "Back temple" or Fa-yü-ssi that is, ("Temple of the rain of the law") or the "Blessings coming from the teachings of Buddha." What happened to these two temples forms in fact the history of the island.

In the second year of Chên-ming, of the later Liang Dynasty (917 A.D.), a Japanese priest came to the island, our chronicle tells us, having the name of Hui-ngo (that is "The pinnacle of wisdom"). He brought with him a picture or a statue of Kuan-yin from the mountain of Wu-tai-shan, in the province of Shensi, and hid it in the home of a peasant. This latter was changed into a small temple, and received the name of "Court of offerings, to Kuan-yin," as she did not wish to go further. The goddess had made known unmistakably her desire to remain in the island. This modest shrine was the first beginning of the imposing temple of Pu-chi-ssi, and of the whole worship of the island. At a considerably later date falls the foundation of the larger and more beautiful Fa-yü-ssi, which is doubtless one of the most splendid temples of China. Its origin falls in the year 1581, at which time a priest from the mountain of Omei came to Pootoo as a pilgrim, and was so enchanted by the place that he remained there and, building for himself a hut of rushes, called it "House of prayers on the ocean flood." From such modest beginnings both of these places of worship grew continually, the latter, however, considerably quicker, than the former. Through public benevolence, through the gifts of high officials, and through Imperial donations of splendid temple grounds, the "Court of offerings to Kuan-yin" and the "House of Prayers on the ocean flood" were enlarged by adding one hall after another, and these were ornamented with high-sounding names. But the more celebrated the holy island became, so much the more it attracted the attention of the outer world, bringing with it also many disasters. The Emperor Hung-wu, the founder of the Ming Dynasty, who himself was brought up in a Buddhist temple, persecuted in 1388 the priests of Çâkyamuni, showing terrible hatred to them. He caused the temples at Pootoo to be burned down by a Prince, and its inhabitants to be transplanted

to the mainland. But when his wrath had passed away, everything was restored and made more beautiful than before. But in the year 1554 new enemies, in the shape of Japanese pirates, made their appearance, from whose invasions, at that time the Chinese coast had much to suffer. Except the statue of Kuan-yin, which was safely brought to Tinghai, all the buildings with their contents were robbed or burnt down. This disaster was repeated in the year 1599, and the temple founded by the priest from Omei, which had quickly expanded and flourished, was destroyed. With the help of the Emperor Wan-li, however, everything was again restored in the following years, and the time succeeding the middle of the 17th century seems to have been a peaceful one for the island, notwithstanding the struggles which resulted in the overthrow of the Ming Dynasty. The years intervening between 1605 to 1607 we may call the flourishing period of Pootoo. It was then that the principal temples were invested by the Emperor with new names. The "Front temple" received the name of Yung-shou-pu-to-shan-ssi, that is "The temple of the everlasting ages," on Pootoo Island, and for the Back temple, Chên-hai-shan-ssi, that is, "Temple that rules the sea."

In the beginning of the present dynasty, in the middle of the 17th century, appeared a new enemy, who is for us of a particular interest. The chronicler says:—

Although in the time, in which our dynasty was founded, the red-haired men brought trouble to the stillness of our temples, the holy fire of devotion was fed without ceasing." Fauvel supposes that the legend concerning the robbery of a bell by the red-haired people referred probably to the Portuguese, who had since 1530 a colony in Ningpo. It is, however, not to be doubted, that it is the Dutch who are here meant. The Portuguese were driven out of Ningpo already, in 1545,

and one could scarcely call them red-haired men. I see from the Chinese work, which I have consulted, that only this fair-haired people can be meant. In the legend of the bell, which is also told here, it is said that the robbers took the bell to Java. From European sources we know that the Dutch, who had settled in Java since 1596, after their expulsion from Formosa in 1661, returned to the Chinese coast with hostile intentions to obtain compensation for the colony, which was snatched from them.

As the legend itself tells us, in 1666 the red-haired men invaded the island with the intention of plundering it. They took with them a large bell from Fa-yü-ssi, which was cast by one of the abbots with his own hands. On account, however, of its great weight the bell had to be left outside the city (Batavia?) and there sunk gradually into the ground. Suddenly, in 1724, a noise like thunder was heard at the same place, which did not cease by day or night; the people were astonished; they dug into the sand and found the sunken bell. As soon as the abbot of Pootoo learned the news, he had negotiations carried on through merchants of his native province of Fu-kien with the Dutch, who in 1729 brought the bell back to Namoa, an island lying north of the treaty port of Swatow. Five years later, through the intervention of a high official, the bell was taken back to Pootoo, after it had been buried more than sixty years in the soil of a foreign land.

In case there is any truth at all in the story, this visit by the Dutch to the island would take place at the time of the special mission of Van Hoorn from Batavia to Peking; he landed at Foochow in 1664 on his return from the North. The supposition, however, seems not excluded that this visit to Pootoo may have been made at the time of one of the expeditions which were undertaken by the Dutch at that time on their way either from or to Japan, where likewise there

was a Dutch factory ever since the beginning of the 17th century.

Pootoo, however, suffered most severely by the repeated invasions of pirates, who burnt the temples and took with them everything valuable. In consequence, the provincial government at last, in 1672, obliged the priests to leave the island and settle on the mainland,—an exile which lasted fully thirteen years. In the years following this period new additions were made to the temples by small degrees, through gifts of high officers and public contributions. In 1700, when the Emperor Kang-h'si was travelling in the central provinces he allotted a sum of money to each of the two principal temples, urged the abbots to be zealous in the work of renovation, and gave to the temples the names of Poo-chi-ssi and Fa-yü-ssi, which appellations they have kept to this day. At the same time they received the not unimportant privilege of an order to procure yellow glazed tiles from the Imperial manufactory at Nanking and to use them for the construction of the temple roofs. Adorned with the Imperial colour, the principal buildings are seen glistening in the sun to the present time. Notwithstanding these gifts and Imperial favours, the restoration did not reach its definitive completion until in 1732, when the Emperor Yung-chêng, in consequence of a memorial of the Governor-General of the province of Chêkiang, assigned a sum of money amounting to 70,000 taels. With the expenditure of this money the temples seem to have assumed the appearance they have to-day, although, and especially is this the case at Fa-yü-ssi, where the wood-work and tiles look as if they had been renewed quite lately.

The other temples and shrines, large and small, with which the island is strewn, offer, besides their enchanting situation, nothing particularly calling for remark. They belong

mostly to that class of monotonous buildings, which on account of their lack of durability attain no great age, are often destroyed and easily built again. The temple Pai-hua-ssi, in which we stayed, is one of the larger ones among them, and owes its origin to a military official from Tinghai, who, during the Ming Dynasty, prayed to Kuan-yin successfully for posterity, and from gratitude spent a sum of money for the erection of a temple. This became one of the larger establishments of the island and was finished in 1613. The buildings of to-day are, however, all of a much more recent date. One of the oldest monuments of Pootoo is the so-called "Pagoda of the Crown Prince" (Tai-tsi-t'a), as mentioned by Dr. Edkins' ("Chinese Buddhism," p. 263), who says that it was erected in honour of the Ming Emperor Wan-li (1573 to 1620), who as Crown Prince had done much for the island. The Chinese chronicle, however, tells us differently. According to it the pagoda was built during the reign of the Emperor Fohan-Timur of the Yuan Dynasty as long ago as 1333 to 1334, after a prince of the name Hsüan-jiang, who spent on it 1,000 shoes of silver. I have not been able to find anything more definite about this prince, who was perhaps a son of the last Mongol Emperor and as such, being called Tai-tsi, the successor to the throne. The structure which stands quite near the temple of Pü-chi-ssi, and which is almost in ruins, is quite singular. It is a square pagoda, originally of five stories, with a total height of 96 feet; the stones are said to come from the large lake near Soochow. On each story on the four sides is the figure of Buddha, hewn in stone, "no one like the other," as the chronicle tells us, "all in dignified demeanour and of great beauty, and the eyes life-like. A balustrade encloses it, and on the heads of the posts are placed genii, lions, and lotus flowers, worked into a very natural form." It is remarkable that this description does not say anything about the stone figures which represent men in

half life-size standing on the ground. Dr. Edkins speaks of the four large Bodhisattvas, viz., Ti-tsang-wang, Avalokiteçvara, Samantabhadra, and Mañjueri, which are also in the Chinese worship the genii of the earth, the water, the fire, and the air; but he cannot possibly have meant these. Quite as impossible, it seems to me, that the figures represent "generals of the Ming Dynasty," as priests told me there. They are perhaps the protecting genii, which stood in former times on the heads of the posts.

That priests on their travels in ancient times were pleased with the island is quite comprehensible; it is a bewitching little piece of ground in the restless ocean, of which I had the opportunity to be convinced during our stay of three days on the little isle. Several low chains of mountains traverse it, from north to south, cut through by several valleys from east to west. In the largest valley and in about the middle of the island lies Pü-chi-ssi. To the north of it, at the foot of the highest mountain group and separated by it from the sea lies Fa-yü-ssi. The highest summit of this group, called Pai-hua-ting (summit of the white flower), or Pü-sa-ting (summit of Bodhisattva), is about 1,200 high. On one of the hills in front, tea is cultivated, which the priests use in healing consumption and other diseases. The slopes and valleys are luxuriously wooded and magnificent camphor trees, celtis, and liquidambar form a roof of leaves over the numberless, well kept foot-paths, which unite the different temples with each other. These latter always occupy the prettiest sites, on steep precipices, below which the surge foams and leaps on dark green slopes, in lovely valleys, in delicious ravines. Everywhere the eye discovers temples, large and small, hermitages and shrines, while groups of priests sit, stand, or wander about with the inevitable rosary in their hands and the "O-mi to-fo" on their lips. Here and there perhaps a

hermit is observed in a cleft of a rock or in front of his hut, murmuring unintelligible prayers, who does not even interrupt his meditations at the approach of a stranger. The precipitous rocks are often ornamented with inscriptions in conspicuous letters, such as: "Let your peace be as a mighty mountain," "The sun of wisdom rises in the east," and others. But yonder on the shore, the sea foams against the cliffs or runs into quiet creeks, peacefully over the white shining sand. Indeed, it is a spot suited as not many places are for the contemplative disposition of those few, who far from the rush of the world, wish to end their days in peace and quietude.

The "profane" element has been kept away from the island up to our time, except a few shop-keepers, who are chiefly serviceable to pilgrims and the agricultural labourer in the employ of the temples. Only priests inhabit the holy ground, who themselves are, after all the profanest of the profane. To women a long sojourn is forbidden. I have seen several, but I do not know if they were settled there. The government of the island is almost exclusively in the hands of the abbots of Pu-chi-ssi and Fa-yü-ssi, who professedly are appointed by the Emperor himself. The number of temples, as the abbot of Fa-yü-ssi told me, is somewhat more than 60, and that of the priests about 1,500. There are 170 in Fa-yü-ssi and about as many in Pu-chi-ssi. In subordination to the latter temple are five outward temples, mostly situated in the province of Chekiang. These numbers show a very decided retrogression, in comparison to the last century, as our chronicle gives not less than the names of 209 temples. As a Buddhistic sanctuary, the island is naturally also an asylum for the whole animal creation. The disciple of Çakyamuni is forbidden to take life. (We ourselves, however, encountered no difficulty whatever, when we, eager to satisfy our appetites, caused the violent death of a fowl.) In consequence of this

law Pootoo is rich in useless animals, which live there without the least fear of human beings. I remarked especially on the ground innumerable snakes and above as many squirrels. But Nature herself seems to play a bad joke on the soft-hearted Buddhists. Near the temple in which we stayed rises a hill, named Pai-hua-shan, or "Mountain of the white flowers." It was covered entirely with small white flowers. Mountain and temple had without doubt received their name from them; the white flower in general plays a great part on Pootoo; and what were these harmless looking little flowers? A "carnivorous" *Drosera*, which lives by catching and absorbing insects. *Sancta simplicitas!* if you knew to what sly sinners you offer reverence.

Most of the priests are, as everywhere in China, an uncultured, lazy indolent class, who live as parasites on working humanity. The chapter of the Chinese work, which relates to the temples of Pootoo (in the text called *Chia-lan* that is, "Garden of the community") says in its introduction, speaking of the little "Ch'ing-lang" ("Precious garden"), *Chia-lan* means in Chinese "Chung-yuan" ("Garden of the community"). The root of learning and the fruit of holiness grow in it, and are planted out in other places from it. But when it is called "precious" it means a place, in which the neophyte repents and improves, where he leads a spotless life, a life of circumspection, gravity, and dignity, and where he does not dare to be frivolous or sluggish. What a striking contrast to those high-flown words do the temples of to-day present, with their dirt and their unintelligent inhabitants!

A very agreeable exception we found, however, in the abbot of Fa-yü-ssi, a man far above the average, enlightened and amiable. We entered the temple just when an imposing procession of priests moved through the principal portals. We halted near the door

and looked at the spectacle, without being much noticed. In the cortège were seen pilgrims from Japan, Korea, Tibet, and Turkistan, and even some Taoist priests, who had come to worship Kuan-yin. When the ceremony was finished, which the abbot in his grand yellow robes had led, he sent a messenger to invite us to his abode. There tea was served to us and we were soon deeply engaged in an animated and suggestive conversation, in which two younger priests, who seemed to be his special attendants took also some part. Hua-wên, our friendly host, was a native of Peking and proved himself a very cultivated, well-informed man, who showed also a lively interest in things European. We talked about the condition of the island, when he made a few not very flattering remarks about the course of life of his colleague in Pü-chi-ssi. We then talked about other things. The travels of our Emperor were then discussed, and Hua-wên compared his life with that of the ruler of China, who so seldom leaves his palace in Peking with its round of ceremonial duties. The attack upon the Russian Crown Prince in Japan, which had at that time just taken place, filled him with the greatest interest. In this way time passed quickly, and as we rose to return to our temporary abode, we were kept by good natured force and invited to take part of the abbot's evening meal. This, of

course, was especially interesting to us. It was strictly accordant with ritual, and consisted only of vegetables, without any animal ingredient, and notwithstanding a great variety in the numerous dishes existed, they were made quite palatable through, probably, the aid of some vegetables preserved in native fashion.

It was at 9 p.m. that we took leave at last, after having refused, with many thanks, the proposal to leave our luggage brought to Fayü-ssi, and to remain there a few more days. In chairs and with lantern-bearers the abbot sent us back along the principal road, paved with square stones, which were partly laid at the beginning of the 17th century. Our way led us nearly to the opposite end of the island to Pai-hua-sü, about an hour's journey.

On the following morning, the 19th of May, we started homeward, and reached Ningpo at midnight in beautiful weather and with a favourable wind. Although our sojourn in Pootoo had been so short, it was difficult for us to tear ourselves away from the enchanting isle, which I would like to call "The island of the blessed." "It appears," says Wells Williams, "like one of the most beautiful spots on the earth, when the traveller lands, just such a place as his imagination has pictured as exclusively belonging to the sunny East, and as far as nature and art can combine, it is really so, but here the illusion ends."

LUCKY DAYS IN CHINA.

The selection of "lucky days," so prevalent among the Chinese, is not only a great inconvenience, but is also a prolific source of domestic troubles and expensive litigation. The governmental astrologers have monopolised the management of the superstitions of the people in regard to the fortunate or unlucky conjunctions of each day and hour, and the Imperial Almanack is eagerly purchased by the people, and is searched more earnestly and followed more closely in every-day life by all classes of the community, than any one of the Sacred Classics. No family which claims to be respectable, must be without one, fearing to expose themselves to the greatest calamities, by undertakings on such days as are black-balled in the Imperial Almanack by the sages of the Astronomical Board at Peking. That Board is responsible for perpetuating the folly and ignorance of the people, enslaving them all the year round by nourishing and cherishing the fears which so terribly possess the Chinese mind, and by giving encouragement to these superstitious fears, they play into the hand of the crowds of idle fortune-tellers, geomancers, sorcerers, and those who profess to be able to select the most auspicious days in which to undertake important affairs with a certainty of success. This wicked policy of the Astronomical Board is said to be in keeping with such governments as that of China, deeming it necessary to uphold ancient superstitions, if they can thereby influence their security, or strengthen the reverence due them. But is it done from mere policy? Are the members of that Board so enlightened and so free from superstition as not to believe in the

teaching they themselves inculcate in the Imperial Almanack upon the people? One can scarcely believe this, for the great sage Confucius himself was not above his countrymen in the belief of good and evil omens. In the *Chung-yung*, chapters 23 and 24, we read—"When a nation or a family is about to flourish, there are sure to be happy omens; and when it is about to perish, there are sure to be unlucky omens. Such events are seen in the milfoil and tortoise, and affect the movements of the four links. When calamity or happiness is about to come, the wise will foreknow both the good and the evil, therefore the supremely sincere are equal to the gods." If, then, the Great Master and the sages at Peking are steeped in such rubbish, what can we expect from the common people? A friendly neighbour of ours, who is a silversmith, owns several houses in this locality. One of his tenants he has long ago tried in vain to make vacate the premises he and his family occupied, but up to ten or twelve days ago the man refused to leave. The silversmith wanted the house for a relative—a widow woman and her 3 children,—and with angry words insisted on the tenant leaving. The latter at last agreed to move out on the 18th of the 11th moon. Alas! the new tenant, the widow woman, having had the promise from the owner or landlord that she might occupy the house, hastened to the *Ts'eh-tzū* man, or fortune-teller, to select a lucky day for her moving into the house, and the 18th of 11th moon was chosen! When the new tenant heard that the old tenant had selected the 18th for removal, she and her female friends were wildly excited, and the

old tenant and his friends became equally unreasonable, the latter would not budge an hour earlier than the 18th day, and the former insisted on his removal before that time, as she wanted to put the kitchen right, and the kitchen god in his place, and have the bedrooms whitewashed! Here was a pretty kettle of fish; neither party—with their respective superstitious views—were really to blame. The landlord had to decide the question. Unfortunately he gave way to the pressure of his female relatives, and insisted on the old tenant giving way. The latter did give way, by moving over-night of the 17th, but his little daughter died in the new house a few days after they had moved in. The father came to the silversmith and told him that by his urgency of removal his daughter had died! and that, "if my little son dies, I shall make you responsible for his death!" Well, now, this is true Chinese fashion. Last night the boy died! and when I went to chapel this morning I saw three yamen runners and the Ti-pao surrounding the silversmith, all making great efforts to squeeze

as much out of the poor man as the affair would admit of. They painted the case as black as possible, impressing upon him how serious affairs would turn out if they took him to the yamen. The old tenant had felt himself wronged and deeply injured by being forced to leave before the "lucky day" selected for removal—hence he was resolved to be avenged on his landlord. He had to pay out some dollars himself also; but he did not mind doing that so long as he could get the silversmith heavily squeezed—"vengeance is sweet;" and this was a kind of pious vengeance that was to the father of the dead children quite justifiable! This father, filled with vexation and gloom, and the honest hardworking silversmith pressed into a corner by rapacious yamen runners, and threatened with imprisonment, present a picture both melancholy and instructive. These cruel superstitions, this misleading Imperial Almanack, ought to have no existence among such an intelligent shrewd people as the Chinese are declared to be.

MEDICINE IN CHINA.

By V. P. SUVOONG, B.D., M.D., SHANGHAI.

MEDICINE as practised by the Chinese is in a deplorable condition. As in every department in life in China, so here also, too much blind reverence is paid to old ideas. A Chinese doctor still talks learnedly of the mythical Shen Nung who first tasted the different herbs to find out their remedial virtues, which happened thousands of year ago, or which might never have happened at all but in the imagination of the later quidnuncs. As a general thing a very few Chinese medicos are ever educated or know anything of such a book as Ts'o-pun, an old Chinese Materia Medica, while the vast majority of them know only how to write a few old stock prescriptions copied out of some antiquated document that came down to the family as an heir-loom. I know one man who was engaged in the Kiangnan Arsenal as a petty overseer, who on being dismissed from his post was a long time out of a job; at last he made the acquaintance of a certain Buddhist priest who had a written copy of some secret prescriptions. He stole this copy, and after a few nights of application and research in that dirty dog-eared volume, he swung out a signboard informing the public that he was ready to guarantee a perfect cure for any ailment that humanity is heir to. This happened in Shanghai; and there are hundreds of similar cases where an ignoramus imposes on the public without being exposed to ridicule.

The better class of Chinese doctors have served their time in the office of their preceptors, who, however, never give lessons or readings in anything—indeed, there are no text-books to go upon. They are more like

assistants, who make themselves generally useful in an office where the anxious ones look over the prescriptions and listen to whatever their chief may have to remark on any given case. A Chinese medical student in the proper sense of the term has never existed. They are all charlatans, jealously guarding a few empirical ideas from the public.

In the neighboring district of Ching-poo there are two villages—Mang-ho and Tsung-ko—each having a family of doctors. They are celebrated all over China, and during a previous illness of the present Empress-Dowager, one of these doctors was called up to Peking, which was quite a feather in his cap, although not a peacock's feather! Her Majesty asked his opinion, but she did not ask him to prescribe for her, unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately! With her usual sagacity, she would not lean on a broken reed. The patients that go to those places for a cure are generally well off in worldly means, so that they are either hypochondriacs, having been surfeited with the good things of the world, or are incurables in the eleventh hour of their existence. The one class come back better, imagining the doctors did them good—really it is the journey that benefited them; the second class come back much worse from the fatigue of the travel, and die satisfied, after having seen the most celebrated doctors in China.

I have never seen one who had either functional or organic disease that went to those places that was ever cured in the end; and I do not blame them for not being able to perform miracles, for under the present circum-

stances, to require intelligent treatment from a Chinese doctor is demanding too much.

One sometimes hears of the Imperial College of Medicine in Peking, the 太醫院 mentioned in the *Peking Gazette*. A foreigner, on first hearing of it, is sure to make an egregious mistake from its high sounding name, which leads him to suppose that it is some institution like the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in the West. It is only a handful of self-styled doctors like any of their brethren in Shanghai, except their good fortune has placed them in a comfortable position, where they have nothing to do but to put on an air of being skilful. Their anxiety, however, commences with an Imperial cough or colic. They have no lectures to give, as there are no students, and they need not write articles for medical journals, as there are no readers.

The Chinese apothecary does a large business, as can be seen from the many hongts and shops dealing in drugs in any city in China. The doctors prescribe large bowlfuls of decoctions for any complaint, so that a constantly ailing and dosing man is nicknamed a "decoction pot." That is their favourite method of dispensing, though pills, powders, &c., are not neglected. Consequently a druggist must have a large supply of herbs and roots on hand to meet the demand, and he ransacks creation for the odds and ends in his shop. If a man dies in China, it is not for want of medicines and drugs, but they are either inert or not intelligently applied. Of the inert drugs one may have some idea by looking over the advertisements in any of the Chinese newspapers published in Shanghai. I will mention one as an illustration: the advertiser in the Chen-fuh-lan-tang shop, which has offices in Canton and elsewhere in China. The thing advertised is honoured with a wood cut in the newspaper, which represents it to be what in natural history would be called an ordinary lizard, measuring a little over five inches in length from tip to tip. A free translation of the advertisement here will show the

depth of darkness in which the Chinese mind is yet enshrouded in respect to medicine:—

"Recently Hongkong and the province of Kwangtung being visited by the plague, the Provincial High Authorities have published a prescription called Plague Cure (辟疫丹) which is infallible. Our shop has already prepared this medicine for the two great benevolent institutions in Canton, where it has been used with invariable success. In this prescription there is one ingredient called (石龍子), Son of Stone Dragon, which is found in the 天竺南焦 mountains in the province of Chekiang. Through the agency of our branch office in Hangechow we have obtained a superior variety of this stony son of a dragon, and together with other valuable drugs we have made this mixture. During the compounding, we have reverently said a thousand prayers. Now we offer this medicine to the public. Herewith is an illustration of this stony son of a dragon as our trade mark. The medicine is not only unusually effective against the plague, but it is also infallible against different kinds of cholera, vomiting, diarrhoea, colic, apoplexy, sunstroke, asphyxia, typhus and typhoid fevers, ague, diphtheria, liver and stomach aches, tetanus in children, surfeiting, small-pox, poison, malaria, all sorts of tumours and inflammatory poisons, &c. &c. Shanghai being particular in its sanitation against plague, we have specially prepared this medicine as a valuable weapon in the hands of committees for preventive measures.

(Signed) CHEN-FUH-LAN-TANG.

I wonder who discovered such potent virtues in the little rascal of a lizard, which in its native province of Chekiang, as here, is always regarded with disfavour, and if it gets any attention at all, it is to be killed and burned, as it is said that its tail will cause deafness, if it gets into the ear, though I should think anything else would do the same if similar chances were offered.

For various female complaints and diseases, what are called Dragon and Phoenix Pills are largely sold in the Canton shops. These are coated with wax, either white or yellow, and are of the size of an English walnut. Their efficacy is of course landed to the sky, but nearly every woman that I have seen in practice has told me that she had tried them and found no improvement therefrom. No doubt, they are composed of some such simple drugs as aloes, myrrh, &c., which, if appropriately applied, of course, have their uses; but to make them a panacea for all the complaints of woman, they fail egregiously. The Chinese druggists, in their anxiety to make money, advertise drugs that can even restore the virile power in a profligate, and cause the sterile to bear offspring. The vaunted nostrums have a seductive charm and play on the imagination well, as to be without children is a solemn thought even to the otherwise nuthinking, for he may be deprived of support in old age, and when he dies his spirit will have none to sacrifice to him. After spending his youth in sowing wild oats, he on the shady side of forty, becomes anxious, and begins to invest in quack drugs to recall the power that is forever gone and that prematurely too. In his chagrin he accuses his wife for being barren, and takes to other partners in life with the same result. But indeed the woman herself may be sterile, and often the cause of that sterility may be easily removed by a simple operation according to Western surgery; but here the recourse is in those pills of high sounding names which may be seen in large gilt characters flaring to the gaze in every city in China. The deluded souls never cry out in disappointment against the mercenary shops, as embarrassment and shame would recoil on themselves. Thus the harpies still continue to make money, and the stupid prodigal is at last punished when repentance is too late.

But there are stuffs which the Chinese druggists do conscientiously collect, and with

much expense and labour, but which are nevertheless inert and useless:—as tiger bones, bear's legs, hart's horns, &c. Tiger bones are ground into powder and used in plasters for internal injuries; bear's paws are boiled to a jelly and used as a powerful alterative for the weak and aged. Hart's horns are sawn into thin discs and boiled down and given for renewing wasted vitality. A young horn is considered as particularly valuable, when it is a little ruddy and somewhat translucent. I cannot make my old friends believe that its virtue consists in ammonia, any quantity of which can be obtained almost for a song in a Foreign drug store. They rather think I am a greenhorn myself and not particularly valuable either!

When every available drug in their reach has been pressed into service and found wanting, then they resort to superstition, or, if I may be pardoned, to a "faith cure!" Humanity is the same the world over. But the great danger is, that often the people resort to the fetish first and neglect a rational medication. In China it is largely so, and I cannot blame a man for catching at a straw while struggling in the water. Many years ago my eldest child, then a babe, was not to be pleased on any account, and in my absence one afternoon, my folks called in an old nun from a neighboring convent for consultation. She went through her usual mummary and incantation to exercise some malign spirit from the child, and ordered that paper sycees should be burnt toward certain cardinal points of the compass, scattering rice on the ground where the child had been in the day time, offering incense, candles, &c., &c., not neglecting to take a fee for her nonsense. On my return I heard of it, and expatiated on the stupidity of the idea. I just then thought of santonine, and immediately jumped up and got a doses of it and gave it to the child, and the next morning the enemy was all driven out, far quicker than from Port Arthur, and peace was at once restored!

Unfortunately superstition often retains its victims long in its thralldom. But sometimes, however, it gives a sort of pleasant rounding to the recovery of an important member of the family. Deceptive it surely is:—as for instance, a father gets well from severe illness because his filial son cuts a piece of flesh from his arm and puts it in the decoction pot to impart special virtue to it. Every year the *Peking Gazette* gravely makes an honorable mention of filial sons and dutiful daughters-in-law who have thus maimed themselves in their loving devotion to their parents. The efficacy of the human flesh in this connection is widely believed in by all classes here. A former manager once took me to task that foreigners are not affectionate enough towards their parents to do the same, or that they do not know the medicinal virtue of human flesh. I told him that all flesh is the same in chemical ingredients, whether human or animal, so that it is far more convenient and cheaper for a filial son to put a piece of pork in the decoction pot than to cut himself and make a fuss about it! He good-naturedly upbraided me for being a foreigner at heart!

In the reign of Hien Fung, in the early fifties, there was a local rebellion in Shanghai city, which a few senior residents no doubt still remember but too well. As a boy I was in the city. During that atrocious period many a man was slaughtered and butchered, and his gall bladder was taken out and invariably swallowed by some savage chieftain, with the idea that it would brace up his courage—this latter being said to reside in the gall. The Chinese word for bravery means a large gall (大胆.)

In the History of the Three Kingdoms mention is made of a distinguished General, who, on an eye being struck out, immediately picked it and said, "This is made of my father's essence and my mother's blood; I dare not throw it away," and forthwith he swallowed it.

These are instances showing that from time immemorial the people of China have a notion of the peculiar virtues of the human body. And not only so, but even excrementitious and effete matters are sometimes used. Thus old fœces are selected and moulded into the shape and size of chestnut and hermetically sealed in a jar and buried in the ground for number of years. Then they are taken out again, when they have a gray colour and are devoid of smell, and are then carefully covered with gilt and stowed away to be called for by some eccentric medico, when they are euphemistically denominated "Golden Beans." Their ultimate destination is the decoction pot, and the patient knows nothing of it while taking it. A human placenta is sometimes cleaned, cut up in pieces and given to a white duck to feed, and after a few days the latter is killed, its insides taken out and thrown away and the duck is cooked and given to the consumptive to take. Cat's placenta are roasted to ashes on a tile and taken in a warm drink; this also for consumption. Young boy's urine is taken in samshu and sugar, though parents generally object to this, having an idea that it will have a reflex action in shortening such a boy's life. Of course there are many other things infinitely more unspeakable that are, or may be used, in the despairing hope of life, but the above I know to be facts from personal observation. This category of outlandish remedies should not excite disgust in the enlightened, but rather pity and sympathy for poor humanity in its endeavour to seek a weapon to ward off the fell attacks of disease. It is sad to contemplate how even the lowly and wasted places of nature have been ransacked for an elixir to prolong this mysterious life.

But are there no Chinese drugs and remedies that are worthy to be rescued from oblivion? Certainly there are; it would be indeed strange that these thousands of years should have rolled by without leaving some practical hints and experiences behind. Indeed many Chinese

drugs and remedies have already been naturalized in the Western pharmacopœias, such as rhubarb, camphor, mercury, musk, etc.; and there are some empirical methods that will surely reward a trial, but are either not known or are ignorantly sneered at because they are of Chinese origin; for instance:—When a child has either eaten too much or otherwise brought on discomfort to the abdomen, nothing is so effective as to put $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. or 1 oz. of *pi-siau* in a thin cotton band and apply to the abdomen. By the next morning the stuff almost entirely disappears, very likely by absorption, evaporation, and mechanical loss; the abdomen has subsided and the child is well. This stuff is native sulphate of soda, sold in all the Chinese drug shops for this purpose alone. This is a pleasant way of using a cathartic, which it most certainly is. It is easily done and effective, and done too all over China. Another empirical method is that of scraping or pinching the skin for mild cholera, sunstroke, etc. This consists of a cash scraping the back till it is striped like a zebra—only in red. It looks barbarous, but its effect is instantaneous. If the sickly months of the summer, when one feels out of sorts, with perhaps a touch of colic, then let his spine be first scraped clear down to the lumbar region, then down the median line in front and on either side of the ribs; he will feel the charm right away. Of course, this is nothing more than counter-irritation, it brings the blood to the surface and is redistributed. But no medicine in the British Pharmacopœia can give such rapid and happy effects as this under the circumstances.

A milder method is that of pinching the skin of the neck till it is covered with red vertical stripes. There can be no mistake in these methods being useful, as I have experienced them myself many times in these nearly twenty years. I have often thought of bringing them to the notice of the profession as instances where nature unassisted by science has found a rough but reliable staff

to lean upon in the hour of need. With the exception of these few gleams of phosphorescence, it is all darkness in the medical horizon of China.

But thanks to the self-denying efforts of the medical missionaries of all denominations, the healing art is now being taught in many parts of the empire. The names of Parker, Kerr, Meyer and others will ever be held in grateful remembrance in South China. While in the north there are medical students attached to the St. Luke's Hospital in Shanghai, the hospital in Soochow and also in the school of the Presbyterian Mission in Shantung; and no doubt there are many other places where a similar labour of love is being performed. The latest additional effort is the Medical College in Tientsin, under the immediate patronage of the Viceroy Li. All these institutions are the results of sincere prayer to God and a sign of the Christian's love to mankind. The young men that are more or less trained under their enlightened teachers will play a large part in the field of medicine in the country. But they are yet too few in number. Has not the time arrived for some united effort to establish a central medical college where such students may complete their studies in the sense that it is done in the West? China is the only country in the world where there is no large recognised school of medicine, where modern science should be enlisted in the battle against ignorance and fetish. The initiative lies with those who have already broken the ice in their several spheres of work. I do not mean to thrust this project as an additional burden on to their shoulders, but rather point to that as another precious jewel to be set in the shining crown that is waiting for them on high.

Being a Chinese, I am filled with profound humiliation that China, with all her boasted learning of classic memory, never gives a thought of pity to those that are wounded in her defence. The Government truly needs a fiery trial for her purification, but the unhappy humanity under it deserves commiseration.

It may be well for some to say that China ought to take care of her own sick and wounded: do they mean that if China does not, the Christians need not and ought not? It is remarkable that of all those that came to Christ for a cure none were refused, whatever the cause and origin of their complaint, and although He did say that it is not lawful to cast the children's bread to the dogs, yet He acquiesced in the appeal that the dogs do eat the crumbs that fall from the master's table.

The idea of the Red Cross Society is new to the Chinese, and the stupid ones naturally suspect its flag as some secret sign in collusion with the enemy; no wonder they would tear it down as they did at Port Arthur a few days ago. Such deplorable ignorance can only be cured by proper education—by putting the Red Cross idea in its true footing, by

giving a status to medical men in the army and navy—in a word, by doing as a civilized nation ought to do, thereby imparting courage to the men by the fact that if wounded they have the means of cure at hand. Every great nation in time of war leans heavily upon the medical staff for moral support. Such a medical school as above indicated will therefore confer an incalculable blessing on China, not only in time of peace but also in the hour of war, and will prove to be the greatest land-mark of progress in the course of thousands of years in Chinese history, and its honour is due to the Christians from the West. The Chinese may blindly reject the Christian religion, but they have never refused the offices of the Christian physician; some may receive Christianity, but all will accept medicine.—*China Medical Missionary Journal*.

UP COUNTRY WITH BLODGERS.

"LIFE," says Sterne, in one of his most brilliant passages, "consists of buttoning up one source of vexation and unbuttoning another," or, to put it more briefly and after the manner of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, it is only a "series of paroxysms." Why it should be so is a difficult question, beyond the scope of this plain statement of actualities; but the fact of such being the universal experience brings me a certain amount of consolation. For having just returned from a week's paroxysm with Blodgers, I like to think that humanity in general is miserable.

It has been observed by a great thinker that "by night all cats are equally grey" and in the ordinary routine of everyday Shanghai life Blodgers is an extremely inoffensive sort of fellow—a very decent fellow, in fact. I suppose I have met him every day for some years past, at the Club bar, at the whist table, or in the common misery of some dinner party, and if anyone had asked me a fortnight ago what I thought of Blodgers, I should have described him, like Mr. Rennie's policeman, as "a d——d decent chap." Now, however, the chief feeling I have is one of sympathy for Mrs. Blodgers. Poor woman!

Why do any of us go up country, without direct doctor's orders—unless it be that free-will is, as some philosophers assert, non-existent, and we are after all but puppets blindly buttoning and unbuttoning "causes of vexation" as the gods—or devils—direct? The thing is absurd and incapable of any explanation. At

the present moment I am looking at the matter soberly and sanely, forgetting even Blodgers, and I see it in all its absolute, naked folly; but I know perfectly well that when the spring snipe stop here on their way north I shall go on board the *Dovecot* or *Limpet* or some equally ridiculous craft and make myself uncomfortable for a week. But not with Blodgers.

There was nothing particularly unpleasant about my home at the Chinese New Year,—at least nothing worse than usual. There was to be a meeting of the Kilburn sisters, or something of that sort, in our drawing-room on one day and a children's party another evening—but these things are always with us, more or less; of course there was the usual crop of creditors, but, as Blodgers only had the houseboat for a week, there didn't seem much chance of tiring them out in that time. No, the only explanation I can see for it is that given above—man is so constituted that the condition in which he actually finds himself is always distasteful—and "anything for a change" is our chronic state of mind. What a world! I know there are plenty of platitudes to the contrary, but nobody believes in them. Old Pindar says "a man doing fit things forgets Hades"—but that's all my eye. Nobody ever is doing fit things.

No wonder the Natives laugh at us! To see two men, with good comfortable beds and warm rooms at home, clubs, broughams, and all conveniences, deliberately going off into the desert wilds of Kashing and

Haiyee, spending time, money, and tissue in the nominal pursuit of a wretched bird that your cook can buy for 25 cents—why, the thing is the very cream and essence of insanity! To be cramped for days in a narrow, draughty cabin, cheek by jowl with a dozen dreadful Natives who have not changed their clothes for three months; to walk for miles and miles preceded by a fool with a bamboo and followed by another with a useless thing he calls a "pheasant stick;" to eat all sorts of meals in all sorts of manners and places; to get cold and hot by turns, wet or exceeding dry; to blister your feet, bark your shins, bruise your shoulders and get your face peeled—and then dignify the whole performance by calling it a holiday, and for pleasure—bah! I don't believe there is a man who goes up country who doesn't think all the time of the comfortable home he's been fool enough to leave, and wish he were back there. But if there is such a man, I would like to see him go up with Blodgers for a week.

Now, I don't mean to formulate any distinct charges against Blodgers: after the second day it was simply the existence of the man that annoyed me. Many of his offences were doubtless accidental and others were inseparable from him, as designed by the Creator in His wisdom. In the first place, he brought with him three things that were an increasing source of annoyance to me from the very beginning, viz, a dog, a "boy," and a large volume of "Monte Christo"—of these only two came back to Shanghai, for he mistook the dog for a hare in some cover at Kazay, and "Ponto" constituted the whole of Blodgers' bag.

I never saw such a beast as that dog in all my life, and I won't pretend to regret his taking off. Blodgers was very proud of him at first, but when he had whistled himself dry for two days and had been capsized by the brute from a sampan in midstream, his affection waned. The beast had been sold for fifty taels—a tremendous sacrifice—by a gentleman going home

(for good) and was supposed to be a pointer—but I never saw him point at anything but his dinner. If I shot a bird, which happened rarely enough, it was always a race between us and that dog: if he got it, we didn't; and once when I bagged a hare, the infernal brute fought my retriever for it on the other side of a creek and then eat it at his leisure. I'm hoarse still from yelling at that dog.

As to the "boy," I suppose he was like most other boys; but the houseboat made a bad background for his virtue, if he had any. I suppose, too, that Blodgers has his own way of doing things and trains his boy accordingly. Still, I don't like my gun cleaned with water and I don't want my boots oiled with kerosene. We were up country for a week, and I am positive that this interesting varlet slept during at least six days of that time: he woke up for our meals in a sort of way, but appeared even then to be in a semi-comatose state, and he had a way of grunting to himself in bad Chinese that was none the better for being unintelligible. I wish Blodgers could have slain him as he slew "Ponto." If I had anything to do with him he would be sent out against the Japanese, in the van of the battle.

But "Monte Christo" was more trying than either "Ponto" or the boy. There is no hope of enjoying the company of a man who brings a book like that up country, and after all, one doesn't cut oneself adrift from civilisation for a week to count the beams on the boat's ceiling or to tramp over the country in solitary foolishness. That bloodthirsty tale had absorbed the little there is of Blodgers' mind before we had reached the Arsenal, and, for all I know, he is in bondage to it still. At dinner, instead of indulging in a genial retrospect of the day's chances, Blodgers would leave the conversation entirely to me. Possibly I shouldn't have minded that, if he had been an intelligent listener; but there was a far-off vacant look in his eye and a monotony about his remarks, from soup to cheese, which showed plainly enough that he was still

chewing the blood-and-thunder cud of his last chapter—and as soon as he could do it, without being absolutely offensive, there he was, on his back, with that accursed tome. In the daytime it was the same thing—after breakfast we would start out for a good long day of it, beaters, dogs, carriers and all; but after an hour or two, Blodgers would disappear in some convenient copse and skulk back to the boat. Of course he always had some excuse or other—boot gone wrong, or lost his way, or something. But I knew better—the doings of that imaginary Count were more to him than all the pheasants of China. He got to dreaming about the brute one night (we had had ships' waffles for dinner) and gave a yell fit to wake the seven sleepers. I jumped out (into the footbath) thinking that pirates at least were upon us, but Blodgers explained that he was being thrown into the Seine tied up in a sack and was merely calling for help. There was no use in expostulating with him under the circumstances; besides he was asleep again before I had got my feet out of that ice-water tub.

In the early morning Blodgers develops the most extraordinary animal spirits. I have noticed the same peculiarity in dogs and young children, but I believe it to be unusual in the mature human. Theoretically, it is not an unpleasant trait, but I object to it in a small boat, and especially at that hour of the day when I usually indulge in a last and very soothing forty winks. Blodgers' spirits take the form of singing; and his voice has the same effect on me as Country Club claret cup—viz., internal spasms. His favourite song is "The Sexton;" and anyone who has heard Blodgers produce the sounds involved in his rendering of that dirge can face any after-dinner music in Shanghai: which is saying a good deal.

And Blodgers was mainly responsible, I take it, for the villainies perpetrated by our lowdah. The boat wasn't Blodgers' boat, I admit, and the lowdah was the hireling churl of a merchant prince—but Blodgers was his master *pro temp.* and should have exercised at least some faint show of authority; as it was we two were simply puppets, silly puppets, in the hands of that almond-eyed scoundrel. I imagine that all lowdahs are much of the same kidney—a class of men beyond all hope of salvation, out-ranking even mafoos in depths of evil-doing and guile; and a borrowed lowdah indulges all his vicious tendencies with the consciousness of perfect immunity. This one was no exception to the rule. If we told him to yuloh all night, he was absolutely certain to anchor under the nearest mud-bank as soon as we were asleep. I pointed this out to Blodgers, on one occasion, at 2 a.m., and told him it was his duty to summon the ruffian and make him to go on, but he absolutely refused to move in the matter—said he could shoot as much there as anywhere else: which was perfectly true; and to all the other villainies of our lowdah, to his management of the boat, of our shooting, and ourselves, Blodgers submitted in the same docile way. All he wanted was "Monte Christo" and three meals a day, with drinks at intervals.

We shot ten head in six days, not counting the hare that "Ponto" eat. I reckon that, including the cost of "Ponto" and Blodgers' drinks, each head works out at \$17.60 odd, more or less. And I have sworn enough, one way and another, in that week to last me the rest of my natural days.

On land, and with lots of room, Blodgers is (as I said before) a very decent chap; but heaven preserve me from going up country with him again.

PODGERS.

WEST BY SOUTH ACROSS YUNNAN.

APART from the transient curiosity that may have been aroused in the province of Szechwen by the widespread rioting and destruction that have disgraced the summer of 1895, there is a deep and permanent interest in that great western domain—a kingdom in everything save the name, that makes any information from it, or regarding it, of value to such as are concerned in the resources and development of the Empire. Worthy of an efficient and well equipped chronicler, perhaps Szechwen will ere long find one capable of doing justice to her magnificent capabilities.

Bounded on the east by the mountain regions of Western Hupeh, north by the less productive and sparsely peopled Kansuh, south by Kweichow and Yunnan, poorer in both people and products than herself, while the wastes of Tibet enclose her on the western border, the position of Szechwen is unique, and is important as unique.

Of late there have been reports, stimulating in proportion to their vagueness, perhaps, of impending advances along the southern border of China, on the part of both French and English, from Tonquin and Burmah respectively, which, if true, may have an important bearing on the future of all whose home and interests are in this part of the Far East.

The object of these notes, however fragmentary and unsatisfactory they may appear to be and certainly are, is to give whatever information is to be gained by a hurried journey from Chungking, across the south-western corners of China, down the Red River to Hanoi, *via* Singapore to Rangoon and Bhamo, thence to Talifu and north through the regions adjacent to Chinese-Tibet, till Yachow is reached, the head of water routes that connect eventually with Shanghai.

The valleys of the Red River and the Irrawadi are being used by France and England, as avenues of approach to Yunnan, and across her, to all the districts that lie in the region of the Upper Yangtze, including the centre and west of Szechwen. How radical the influence of these rival pioneers of Western methods and spirit will be on Chinese life, when exerted from their own territory, apart from the friction and anomalies of foreign concessions and shopkeeping diplomacy, is now an uncertain quality. Give us time.

The era of steam navigation on the Upper Yangtze being indefinitely postponed, by the vacillation of British officials in concert with Chinese diplomatic evasion and procrastination, a new approach may be looked for from the west, which will materially modify

the position of those entrusted with the internal economy of China.

THE START.

A farewell dinner with "The Garrison"—local designation of the efficient and courteous Customs Staff at Chungking—freighted with best wishes (and things more material for both mind and body), by the foreign community, we left this friendliest of open ports in the radiance of a full summer moon, at 8 30 p.m., August 6th. The first part was by boat to Suifu, at the confluence of the Chengtu river with the Yangtze.

Soon after embarking, news was received of the massacre in Fukien, not an encouraging message to travel on, but Szechwen is so remote from the coast, there was nothing to deter us from going on, with the understanding that a messenger he sent should be deemed necessary. The boat trip was of the ordinary kind in summer weather. A steaming atmosphere, heavy thunderstorms, swollen river, leaky boat, and in this case a shiftless captain. We were glad on the morning of the fifteenth day to get ashore in Suifu, from which point the overland journey commences.

The first long stage ends at Chaotung, a town of considerable importance in Northern Yunnan. The journey is divided into thirteen day-trips, each day covering from 60 to 80 *li*. The ordinary method of conveyance is either chair or horse for individuals, and coolies for the first half of the way, then pack animals for goods in any large quantities. The road is in a bad condition, generally [speaking, which, added to the natural difficulties of the route, make it a very tiresome one to travel, while the inns and food supplies are bad.

Leaving Suifu by the west gate, the road follows the course of the Yangtze for one day as far as Anpien, then turns sharp'y to the south along a smaller stream, that is of uncertain use for navigation, owing to rapids and freshets. The mountain ranges here are at right angles with the river, so that in the high water of the summer months, the road takes the most vexatious flights over range after range, trying to a degree in the heated atmosphere and almost burning sun.

The country is poor, and becomes poorer as the valley of the Yangtze is left farther behind; the people appear to be less energetic and find a difficulty in coaxing a competent return from the reluctant soil. Indian corn takes the place of rice, and vegetables become scarce. We breakfasted one morning at a little roadside hut in which father, mother and children were all husking corn, some roasted ears meanwhile supplying the family table. Finding the children minus clothes, some remark was made calling the mother's attention to the fact, when she with a woman's ready wit, illumined by a woman's ready smile, retorted: "What's the good of putting clothes on *them*, only to get dirty and torn!"—an answer that to her carried conviction irresistible, and of wider application than she intended, for with a tropical sun and perspiring humanity one is tempted to ask, *apropos* of clothes, "What good, anyway?" At this place also we met with yet another kind of tea, colourless, with a fruity taste; it looked quite uninviting, and became the object of much mild wit on the part of the boys, who asserted "the longer it stands the 'whiter' it grows;" but the taste belied the

appearance, and the new tea was voted to be good indeed.

At Laowatan we come upon the first important town in Yunnan, a market of pretensions, with an obstructive Customs barrier. The town itself is jammed between the mountains and the river, consequently a narrow, crowded, dirty street, but with a fair supply of goods on sale. The road here crosses the river, which is spanned by a chain suspension bridge, now in ruins owing to a deplorable accident at the last dragon boat festival. The bridge, it appears, is a favourite resort of the *élite* of the neighbourhood on these occasions, and this year, when the sport was at its height and the bridge crowded, the structure gave way, precipitating the mass of helpless creatures into the swift waters far below, and over three hundred found a grave that day. The tortures of the unfortunaten pack animals, with galled backs, and sore feet, as they bravely toil up and crawl down these cruel hills, are painful in the extreme. Surely Buddhism might shake itself from its fruitless abstractions long enough to put its pity into a concrete form for the benefit of these suffering animals. A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would have a lively time out here.

On Monday, Sept. 9th, we reached Chaotung, a busy place, in a fertile plain, the second largest town in Yunnan. The traveller is struck with the ruinous appearance of the dwellings and untidy habits of the people in Yunnan. Villages seem to be in chronic ruin and the people are careless and repelling in many ways. Much doubtless must be laid to the Mahomedan Rebellion, and the balance

to the disposition of the people. Quiet, almost without curiosity, poverty and dirt seem to be habitual with them. So far as we could learn, the chief exports thus far are opium, metal, and medicine, in the order named, while as imports are salt, cotton goods, and sundries. Coal is in abundance, also minerals. There are large quantities of corn on the mountains, rice in the valleys, potatoes, and fruit; and at Chaotung good supplies of meat in various forms.

For some years past a branch of the Bible Christian Mission has been in operation here, and a Roman Catholic establishment is an old-standing feature of the town. So far, however, the Yunnanese do not appear to be more inclined towards Christianity than their countrymen in other provinces. Credulous in other respects, the doings of even the higher classes among them are as ridiculous as striking. During the past summer, for example, a drought was feared, and many expedients sought to hasten the tardy rain. As a last resort the general in charge of the local troops secured two snakes, had them labelled as criminals, carried as such to the execution ground and then publicly beheaded, and afterwards exposed the heads, as those that were keeping back the rain. And the rain came next day!

The story of the outwitting of a Japanese expert is too good to pass over. It appears that a Japanese gentleman was engaged and brought up from the coast, to take charge of some neighbouring mines, and develop others wherever he should find indications of silver. But, as is often the case with the Chinese, and not they alone, the first results did not satisfy their impatient expectations, and they laid the

blame at the door of the Japanese. At last they thought to test him. Being in Chaotung, one of the local lights proposed to bury some shoes of sycee outside the city wall and then ask the Jap's opinion on the question of "Silver or no silver" at the appointed spot. It was done: the silver was buried, the expert led out to the spot, and invited to inspect the neighbourhood. "Do you think there is silver here!" Blandly put, and abruptly answered. "No. What! silver in an ash heap?" and they turned the sycee up in triumphant demonstration of the Jap's incapacity and their own wonderful insight!

SECOND STAGE.

The first day's journey from Chaotung to the capital of the province, Yunnanfu lies mainly across the plain—very pleasing just now from the quantity of rice just ripening. The grain appears to be of a hardier kind than that grown in a less rigorous climate. The colour, too, differs, being here of a dark red, indicating something of a wild origin. Though so late in the season, the straw and grain are both very green, while the Szechwen rice has been gathered long since.

As a whole, the roads south of Chaotung are excellent for horse-back travel. Easy mud roads, with plenty of width, and excellent pasturage for the animals on every hand. The coolie may be said to disappear as a beast of burden. Long strings of pack mules are everywhere, carrying heavy loads—120 to 150 catties—they yet manage to do the same distance as the ordinary traveller. An interesting sight is the daily unsaddling, when the tired animals are released from their burdens at some convenient spot for both grass and water, with a rest included.

So soon as the packs are removed the first thing is a roll in the grass or dust, so grateful to the poor lacerated backs. Over and over they go, caring little for slope or precipice,—in utter abandonment to delight!

The bridges of Szechwen are conspicuous for their size, form and frequency; those of Yunnan in the absence of either quality. Fording is the usual practice, and this becomes dangerous when a storm has maddened the drowsy mountain stream. It would be well if the human traveller were able to emulate the camel, if the popular theory be still correct, in their capability of laying in a nine days' supply of food before starting out to traverse the hills of Yunnan. Standing upon some of the hills, one can see hill tops only and no sign of a brother man. When the crisp mountain air has its effect on a rampant appetite, the beauty of the landscape is apt to become tantalising, and might be gladly exchanged for something substantial, if only the necessary 'chow' were at hand.

Tungchuan, five days from Chaotung, is the only large town passed on this second stage. It also has its valley and a sedgy lake, that must operate unfavourably on the health returns of the city. Compact and clean, the little city makes a good impression, if only the comparison with the larger, busier towns of Szechwen could be omitted. Circled with hills, and these covered with clouds, one is thrown again into a state of uncertainty as to the truth of Williams' definition of Yunnan—"cloudy south"—and compelled, however faulty it may be philologically, to conclude that Yunnan, so far as we see it, is indeed a cloud-land and not as some affirm it to be: "South of the clouds"—yet the mountains have an

excellent atmosphere—just the place for summer cottages and picnic grounds. Passing the downs of Yangkai, the busy market of Yangliu, where we strike again the telegraph line, the traveller reaches the hill commanding a view of the Yunnan plain and lake, and thus the end of the second stage—thirteen days from Chaotung.

YUNNANFU.

The approach to the city, lying across the rice-covered plain, by a causeway paved with the most villainous stones, on which the poor animals slip mercilessly, it loses in impressiveness by the flatness of the road. Outside the East and South Gates there are busy and important suburbs in which a variety of provisions is displayed that cheers the vision of the traveller accustomed to meagre and uncertain supplies. The gateways themselves are well built and preserved, comparing well with other capitals visited, while the main street, leading up from the South Gate, is busy and clean. On the whole the capital of Yunnan is cleaner than the average city and its people have learned how to conduct themselves towards "the stranger within their gates." The display of brassware is good, but beyond this there is little to call for notice in the display of goods on the streets. One large section of the city is given up to the undisputed sway of a large marsh, a detriment to the city in many ways and responsible perhaps for the evil fame of Yunnanfu as a fever den.

The effect of a steam whistle, by which the employes at the Arsenal are kept to time, is curious in this far away corner of Cathay; but, perhaps, it is the herald of changes radical and far-reaching. The whistle goes regularly each day, which argues continuity at

least in the work of the Arsenal, of which it is difficult to learn much that can be relied upon. Some say modern weapons are being turned out with a fair degree of success, while others aver that only gingalls of ancient pattern are produced. The soldiers we saw on the streets, and there seemed to be an unusual number, were of the usual order, careless, defiant, and good material for mischief.

The work of Westerners outside, the Arsenal, is represented by Mr. Jensen in the Telegraph Service, and the missions of the English and French societies. The latter have a fine situation—and buildings, long established; the English are of more recent date and not so happily situated.

Across a corner of the great lake is a famous cliff with a temple, stone galleries, and rock-hewn room. A pleasant day's sail in one of the comfortable boats lying at the canal wharf may be made to this interesting spot. Arriving at the foot of the cliff a stiff climb, somewhat over a thousand feet, brings one to the first temples, those custodians of all eligible spots out here. The courteous priest gives tea and resting room. The view across lake, plain, city, and the further foot hills is very pleasing. A truer estimate of the lake can be had from here, stretching away as it does south and west from the very walls of the city. Every acre of its surface that can be so used is planted with rice, in water so deep sometimes, that the reaper is immersed to his elbows when gathering the crop. Tiny oases of green fields, a few willows, and straw-thatched farm-houses may be seen in every direction. The lake also forms a good highway for several towns around its margin.

On the return trip from the "West-

ern Hill," the local name for this temple resort, we got a closer view of the harvesting operations. The rice has to be reaped in order to ripen, and all the work is done by means of boats. One may see the whole farmer household out to gather the crop, the taller ones, both men and women, in the deep warm water, cutting off the rice heads with about a foot of straw attached. Long braided straw ropes are then stretched across the fields and the rice heads tied into small sheaves are hung across, and left to the sun and the birds. The seasons here are well defined—wet and dry—and the only drought the farmer fears is excess of summer rain, which drowns his crop.

The price of all commodities is in advance of Sz'chwen, and the bother of two kinds of cash, large and small, adds to the distress.

The impression we carried away with us of Yunnanfu is of a clean, well provided town of moderate size and an agreeable population.

THIRD STAGE.

From Yunnanfu to Laokai, Tonquin, takes thirteen days. Along the lake shore, by a pretty road, the traveller leaves for the South. "Follow the telegraph wire and you'll be all right"—and so did we. The previous description of the country would serve for this also, with some modifications. The towns are villages, the villages are ruins. First and second days we passed three cities of governing rank that would not equal market villages on the great river. The towns are deplorable, generally showing the ferocity of the Mahommedan uprising and its pitiless reduction. In one place we lost ourselves among fields and gardens trying to find an exit by the South Gate. And yet the

country is capable of better things and will recover itself in time. Beginning now to meet the pack trains bringing goods from the frontier of Tonquin. Cotton, raw and manufactured, is in evidence, with the mixed goods—"Canton ware," of which any description is difficult.

Three days from Yunnanfu we passed along some very pretty lakes, set about with hills, that would make a remunerative summer resort for any people but these unimaginative Orientals. We chose some ideal spots for bungalows and fishing, if use be ever made of the provision here offered for rest and recreation.

Before reaching Tungchai, a district is crossed which noted for its tobacco. The plant grows in the sandy soil by the lake side and is of a very light green colour. The leaves are cured by fastening into a bamboo frame and dried in the sun. The product is highly spoken of among the Chinese, and forms a staple industry of this region.

At Quanyi we pass the home of General Ma, the leader of the rebels in Yunnan, who afterwards turned upon his compatriots and sold them to the Imperialists, for which he received a yellow jacket, a fortune, and the malediction of his co-religionists. The ancestral home is in ruins, and the destruction on every hand proves how completely Quanyi was reduced, first and last.

Two days further on we turned aside from the main road to visit the swallows' cavern, a noted attraction in the neighbourhood of Lingnanfu, some five li from the little town of Miendien. The approach to the cavern, after leaving the poor rude road, is across a little plot of grass, now withered, bestrewn with brown leaves from over-

M. de la Batie, we sailed across the dividing line in a free ferry and so stood on French soil. Down by the river were some of the military, in white helmets and clothes of almost any colour except white, and to them we made application with great circumspection, for had not some of our friends warned us to be careful, lest, being as we were in Chinese dress, we might be mistaken for pirates! The letter was presented, a volley of questions was the only weapon presented to us, we grimaced, shrugged, and in good English said "We don't speak French." A hurried consultation, and we were committed to the charge of a coloured man who led us off to Monsieur, the commandant. Here again we were in difficulties from which extrication was found by means of a French-speaking Chinaman. Courteous in bearing and thoughtful, the commandant gave us a room (no hotels in Laokai), and for a while, we were the guests of the garrison. Here we stayed two days for the departure of the s.s. *Baoha* for Yen Bay. A military post, with some trading facilities attached, is an accurate, if not a comprehensive, description of Laokai at present. The original fort has grown, without plan or uniformity, so that the foreign portion of the town presents a sorry aspect. The buildings were originally Chinese temples, and rejoice in such appellations as "The shrine of Venus," "The portal of virtue and happiness," while the main building was appropriately dedicated to the god of war. But the old order is changing, the contractor is in the place, and the present will give way to the new order to be introduced. On the opposite side of the Red River is the Annamese camp, thus the little there is of Laokai

is divided between the two sides of the river. The show of trading junks is small, and "militaire" is prominent everywhere. Ponies from Yunnan were being shipped in junks for Hanoi and other points. The s.s. *Baoha* roused the community at a very early hour on Sunday, October 27th, and, by six o'clock, was ready to swing out into the stream. With a parting scream from her siren she cast off and was soon going at full tilt down stream. The difficulties of navigation are great, the turns in the river are abrupt and frequent, so that we often found ourselves in close proximity to the jungle-covered bank or twirling round in the stream, the sport of an eddying current from which we could not escape. Phulo, Baoha, and some other points, were passed in the course of the day, military posts generally, and as the evening was drawing in we came in sight of the red-tiled roofs and white-washed walls of the garrison at Yen Bay.

YEN BAY.

Larger, prettier, more substantial than Laokai, this place is yet a garrison first, and trading station second. Laid out on an ample plan, with some pretty buildings already up, the streets planted with trees, and the promise of gardens here and there, Yen Bay is the beginning of a handsome town. Adjoining the military section is the smallest Annamese quarter, where business is carried on by both Chinese and the natives of the country. A Catholic Mission for the Annamese has a good church building, from which it was cheering to hear the sound of the church-going bell. In addition to the *Baoha* there are two small freight steamers running to Laokai, and the ordinary junks also make the trip. All the acces-

series to trade and travel have yet to be added. Hotels, wharves, warehouses and so on, are yet absent. Twice we had to interview the authorities on the question of passport, a needless precaution, one would suppose, seeing how rare travellers are in this part of Tonquin. From Yen Bay coastward the aspect of the country changes, assuming the delta character so familiar to travellers on the Yangtze. Low lying alluvial ground, fertile to incredibility, an increasing population, with evident signs of prosperity, and kindred evidences of a well-to-do country.

Vietry and Sontay are stopping-places of importance. Flour in large quantities is shipped from the latter place.

HANOI.

"The coming place of the East" was the description of an optimistic Frenchman in his description of the Tonquin capital. "She has situation, climate, and all the facilities for trading," and on these grounds the leading place is predicted for the little town lying around a tiny lake in the delta of Tonquin. Perhaps so even in French hands, but the promise is not so ample to other than French minds.

The run from Hanoi to Haiphong is made in one day, through a tangled maze of river, canal, and creek, in most bewildering shape. Rice everywhere. Little groups of farm-houses under the shade of luxuriant bamboos, lie like islands in a sea of growing, waving rice, through which lies the sinuous track, doubling back upon itself in a most tantalising way. Haiphong does not make a large show from the deck of the Hanoi boat, and further acquaintance with it does little

to strengthen any expectations one may have formed of the importance of the premier port of Tonquin. The difficulties of the situation are of the first order. Haiphong stands upon a marsh, in which all the ground now available for building, roads, gardens and so forth had to be made, and mud found to make it with, a new version of "making bricks without straw." A curious incident, illustrating the difficulty of obtaining materials for making the ground, and the vacillation of Tonquin officialdom, is told among the curious. One of the features of Haiphong is a broad straight canal, cut to connect two rivers, thus giving free access for the shipping from the sea to the river leading to Hanoi. "Cut the canal and make it serve two purposes; it will give us a waterway for our vessels, and mud for our swamps:" so said the promoters of the scheme, and the good government at home footed the bill—so it is said. A boulevard has been laid out on each side of the canal, electric lights put up, two costly bridges built, and now the fear is, that the current may wash away the soft mud banks and so obliterate Haiphong: to avert which calamity, it is proposed to cut another canal further down hill in the present ditch and make a boulevard of it!

There is a poll-tax on Chinese coming into the colony and a like tax on them when they leave it "to keep track of them," the avowed object. This in spite of the fact that the business is largely in the hands of the Cantonese. Trade is in a languid condition, and much indignation is expressed at the action of Chinese traders in leaguering together to prevent their goods going on the

steamers of the company subsidised to operate on the Red River. Altogether the present outlook is not stimulating to the trading community of the commercial capital of Tonquin.

As a people the Annamese appeared to be much inferior in both ability and attraction to the Chinese, fitted rather to hold the same relative position to them that the Chinese sustain to the Europeans in China.

As a colony Tonquin suffers from the abundant restrictions placed upon her, —the restrictions needed in youth, her friends may say, yet such as may serve to dwarf her effectually for the coming years. And then some say the West River may soon be opened to foreign trade, and if so where is the future hope of the sanguine soul who sees in Tonquin a highway to Southern and Western China?

PORT OF SHASHI.

A Foreign Office paper, enclosing a report of Mr. Holland, her Majesty's Consul at Ichang, respecting the new treaty port of Shashi, has been published. Mr. Holland's report is as follows:—

This is one of the new ports lately opened to commerce, and is situated about 85 miles below Ichang.

The probable site of the steamer anchorage at Shashi is just abreast of or immediately below the landing wharf for passengers, and it is proposed to erect the Customs-house close by. The line of junks moored to the banks at Shashi extends to a length of not less than four miles, which is, in itself, a practical proof of the commercial importance of the place, and it has always been regarded as a great distributing centre, though its own trade may be comparatively small. In the Customs Decennial report for Ichang, 1891, Mr. Ludlow says:—"Shashi being the crossing point of two most important routes of commerce in Central China, moving from west to east and from north to south, and *vice versa*, Szechwen native craft are thus always able to obtain return freights," and again "quite at the end of the year a small lot of Szechwen opium was taken delivery of for conveyance to Shashi by native boat; this was followed by larger shipments, and may result in

new and important development of the opium trade with the interior. Shipments to Shashi are by far the speediest way of supplying Hunan, not to speak of the vast tracks of country in Hupeh, for which Shashi has been for years the distributing centre. It is said that nearly 6,000 piculs of Szechwen opium go to Shashi yearly by native channels."

There is a trade in cotton cloth manufactured in Shashi and exported to Szechwen, and possible Kueichow and Yunnan, which amounts to 2,000,000 taels a year, the annual likin revenue on it reaching 100,000 taels. It is reasonable to suppose that if both Shashi and Chungking are opened to steamer traffic, this cotton cloth trade alone would develop enormously.

At Chingchoufu, about four miles inland from Shashi, there are already several large shops trading in kerosine oil, lamps, candles, matches, soaps, and all the foreign odds and ends that are to be seen in the large native shops in Shanghai.

Concerning the position of Shashi, the most noticeable feature is the fact that it, together with the plain in which Chingchoufu is situated, lies below the level of the river, from which it is protected by a huge embankment, which runs for miles above and below the town. The plain is richly culti-

vated with tobacco, beans, several kinds of melons and gourds, maize, and other vegetables, and great damage and disaster would be brought about if any break in the embankment should occur during the time of summer high water. Partly on account of this risk, but chiefly because such low-lying ground cannot be healthy, neither the town of Shashi, nor the ground adjoining could in any way be recommended as a residence for foreigners. Both above and below the town, the ground rises gradually from the river to the embankment, and descends rather abruptly on the other side. The town itself is much like other native towns of its size, the population being estimated at 87,000, or double that of Ichang. The inhabitants have general-

ly had a name for dislike of foreigners, but when the port is opened there will be doubtless great improvement in that respect. There are no hills immediately near Shashi, and it is to be feared it will be a somewhat unhealthy place; stress should therefore be laid on the simple sanitary precaution of living above the town if possible, especially as foreign residents of Shashi, like those of Ichang, will be dependent for their water supply on the river, and in Ichang a chronic affliction of diarrhœa, sometimes amounting to dysentery, has been traced to the use of cooking and drinking water drawn from the river, which is polluted by sewage, not so much from the town as from the enormous boat population.

NANNINGFU.

The following sketch of Nanning-fu, one of the suggested Treaty Ports on the West River, is taken from Mr. F. S. A. Bourne's report on his journey through South-western China:—

Nanning-fu is a well-built city, containing a brisk population of Chinese and Shans, who seem unusually well-to-do, an effect partly due perhaps to the fact that this is one of the few cities that escaped devastation by the Taiping rebels. The merchants are mostly Canton and Kwangsi men. The Shan women, to the front as usual, wear neat black cotton head-gear, dark-coloured clothes, silver ornaments, and bare feet.

—If I remember right, Mr. Colquhoun, in the account of his journey in these parts, remarks that his servant returned from a yamen at Nanning, and said he had there heard people talking in a strange tongue. Of the three runners sent to look after me by the Magistrate two were Shans, and Shan No. 6 is a vocabulary taken from one of them. The Shan language is here called Chuang [hua] by the Chinese, a name of which I could get no account.

Commercially, Nanning is the second city in Kwangsi, yielding only to Wuchow-fu in extent of trade, although it has but poor banking facilities, and can scarcely be ranked as a third-rate Chinese commercial city. Besides the trade in tobacco, drugs, tea, sugar, ground-nuts, &c., of which there is a considerable exchange between the Canton province and the country watered by the Yu and Tso rivers, Nanning-fu is the entrepot of the trade by

which foreign goods from Pakhoi and Ch'in-chow are exchanged for opium of Yunnan and Kueichow consumed in Kwangsi and the Canton province. It is with this latter trade that we are concerned in this report.

An unexpected result of this journey is the discovery that Pakhoi and Ch'in-chow supply foreign goods to the whole of South Yunnan, Western Kwangsi, and South Kueichow through regular channels, unchecked at all events by excessive taxation, although likin in Kwangsi is heavy, and transit passes are not respected. Thus, the Pakhoi and Ch'in-chow foreign imports valued as far as foreign vessels at the former place go at £383,000 during 1886, supply the wants of a district roughly comprised within a square having Ssu-mao, Yunnan-fu, Fushanchow, and the sea at its corners—an area not smaller than the United Kingdom. Although no doubt a very large addition would have to be made to the above sum to cover the import in junks from Hongkong and Macao to Pakhoi and Ch'in-chow, the smallness of the figure even as it stands can scarcely astonish one who has traversed this district, inhabited principally by Shans, Lolos, and Miaotzü, who want nothing but salt and cotton, almost the whole Chinese population having been destroyed in the rebellion. But if Pakhoi holds her ground, a large and rapid increase in her foreign imports may be confidently expected, as the fertile valleys of Yunnan and Kueichow are peopled by Chinese immigrants from Szechuen and Hunan, who, like all Chinese, will demand foreign

piece-goods as soon as they have spare money to spend on luxuries.

From Pakhoi to Nanning there are two roads followed by foreign goods; the first is by sea to Ch'in-chow in one day, and from Ch'in-chow overland by porter to Nanning in five days. This is the route followed by lighter goods. A Yünnan man told me that the five days' road was level, and that it might be followed by carts. Carriage by this route from Pakhoi to Nanning was said to cost about 18 cash a catty. The second road between Pakhoi, Ch'in-chow, and Nanning leads, to start from Pakhoi, to Ch'in-chow by sea in one day; from Ch'in-chow to Lu-wu Hsu three to four days in boats that carry up to 10,000 catties; Lu-wu Hsu to Nan-hsiang on the West River above Heng-chow three days by porter; and from Nan-hsiang to Nanning six days by the West River, *i.e.*, fourteen days in all, three by land and eleven by boat. This Nan-hsiang route (with variations apparently from Pakhoi to Nan-hsiang) is followed by the heavier piece-goods, cotton yarn, and metals.

Nanning is connected with Canton by the Hsi-chiang West River, which might be navigated by light draft steamers as far as Wuchow. The up-journey from Wuchow to Nanning is made by boats drawing three Chinese feet in seventeen days and the return journey in ten days.

The great highway of foreign imports from Pakhoi and Ch'in-chow to the north is from Nanning to Po-se, the route we have just followed, the passage taking twelve to twenty days according to the wind. The boats on this route draw as much as 2 feet 5 inches Chinese, and carry as much as 60,000 catties. Thus, the transport of cotton yarn, for instance, between Pak-hoi and Yunnan Fu, would be made as follows:—

	Land.	Water.
Pakhoi to Nanning.....	8	11
Nanning to Po-se.....	0	15
Po-se to Po-ngai	0	3
Po-ngai to Kwangnan-fu ...	8	0
Kwangnan fu to Yunnan-fu	12	0
	<hr/> 23	<hr/> 29

A railway along this route would meet, I believe, with no serious difficulties; indeed, this is probably the easiest line that a railway to ascend the plateau could take.

The commercial capabilities of the Tso-chiang require careful study, because along it lies the only route worth mentioning between Kwangsi and Tonkin; and in its neighbourhood will no doubt be situated the trading station "to the north of Liang-shan," to be opened under the Franco-Chinese Treaty of 1885. The Tso-chiang is navigated by good-sized boats as far as Tai-p'ing-fu, and by smaller boats as far as Lungchow, which place bears to the commerce of the Tso-chiang much the same relation that To-se does to that of the Lu-chiang. Lungchow is reached from Nanning in twelve to eighteen days. The country is mountainous, and the stream badly obstructed by rapids, which are much more numerous and more difficult than on the Lu-chiang. Above Lungchow the river is navigated across the Tokin border by small boats that carry 3,000 catties, and are worked by six men. The voyage down from Lungchow to Nanning takes six to nine days. The trade on the Tso-chiang consists of cotton yarn, piece-goods, and Canton goods, in small quantities, up; and timber, beans, rice, star-anise, and drugs, down. The trade on the Tso-chiang is said to bear the proportion to that of the Lu-chiang of three to seven. There is some trade in drugs, &c., across the Tonkin border.

SHASI.

Although it seems to be the general opinion that it would have led to a larger business development, had Shasi been opened in place of Ichang in 1887, there has been so much doubt expressed as to what the result may now be, that we have instituted special inquiries for the benefit of our readers. Besides being the great depôt for Szechwen salt, which does not specially concern foreigners, the bulk of the commerce of Shasi is naturally with Chungking, the commercial capital and forwarding centre of the west of China—from whence comes opium, rhubarb and other drugs, Thibetan musk, metals from Yunnan, the white wax of the Kiating district, precious varied coffin wood from Chienchang valley, silk, wool, etc., etc. The bulk of these things proceeds to Hankow by steamer, having been transhipped at Ichang. But, a by no means inconsiderable amount is delivered by junk at Shasi, the principal depôt of commerce between the canal-intersected north bank of the Yangtze and the Tungting Lake with its nine navigable tributaries. There is also a native up-river commerce of the usual mixed sort, but it must not be forgotten that Shasi, although a busy city containing probably 50,000 inhabitants, is merely built along an embankment which at high water stands out like an island; all behind and before being alike flooded, and is rather a resort for the

turbulent Hunanese than a dwelling city, being, like Ichang, quite without industries of its own. From the configuration of the country much small commerce and a large quantity of opium, that to avoid the River Customs and Likin, travels by land, and comes to Itu, a port somewhat higher up on the opposite south bank of the Yangtze. Range after range of mountains may be traversed by the traveller between Ichang and Chungking before he has crossed the peninsula made by the great bend of the river, and comes out again on the river bank opposite either Wauhsiei or Chungchow: but, as far as Li Chuan, close upon the river, again all the deep green waters that wander devious through the innumerable valleys crossed, ultimately unite into the clear River Ching Ho and thus united, debouches into the Yangtze at Itu. And the various articles of commerce, that, gathering in volume, come down each of these valleys, together with the great opium caravans of some of these carriers, all are sent down stream from Itu and speedily received among the rows of junks moored on the opposite shore at Shasi, the port of Kiungchow, a fine city with a Manchu garrison and of rowdy reputation. Indeed in this respect both Itu and Shasi are alike and both have had experiences. At Itu, Scotch Presbyterian missionaries once rented a house. Their lives were made disagree-

able to them; they appealed to the Ichang consul, under whose jurisdiction they were, and received advice to quit! This advice they unfortunately followed, therefore it is not surprising to learn that the next foreigners to land there, guests at the Ichang consulate, making an excursion in the Consular house-boat, were chased through the town and out of it much as a mad dog is chased. But on complaining to their host and consul they were met by the enquiry: "Why go to Itu?" Thus whilst they have been able to give full details as to the missiles of various sorts by which they were hit, we have not yet been furnished with any exact data as to the furs of curious kinds said to be brought down from the surrounding mountains to the shops of Itu. Though all the steamers that pass Shasi call there, no one lands, the reception of those who have visited there being generally even rougher than that stated above. It may be remembered that murdered Lenz, that too daring bicyclist, barely escaped with his life from the neighbourhood of Shasi, and not without injury to his bicycle. Some years ago the China Inland Mission opened a station there without entering upon the ever-disputable region of reasons. The fact remains that that mission station has been long closed. Thus neither Shasi nor the neighbouring town of Itu seems to be friendly disposed towards foreigners, whilst a six knot current makes Shasi always an anxious anchorage for steamers, and one of the most alarming sights upon the river is to see the strong and heavy passenger boats there in use, bearing down upon the waiting steamer with such an impetus from the force of the current as to threaten to run her down,

or at least carrying away her paddle boxes. There have been full details in the papers as to the recent coolie fights there, and what with the rough population, the fierce river and the filthy city a foreign merchant's life at Shasi does not promise to be a happy one. For we do not understand that any prospect is held out of a concession with the amenities of a Bund. Under any circumstances it is to our mind a grave question whether, opened or not opened, it is likely to be worth any foreign merchant's while to settle there. Had Shasi been opened in place of Ichang Shasi would have been the steamer terminus, and goods so far Chungking junk borne, would have been there transhipped either for steamer carriage, or for the Tungting Lake and its nine tributaries, thus avoiding much going aground and other worry to steamer owners. But now that steamers have got into the way of threading their passage through rocks and quicksands to Ichang even in winter time, and arrive there mostly in less than eleven hours from Shasi and have all got offices established, they are never likely to give back that part of the River to junk traffic, especially with the anticipation, now—one would think—so near realisation of soon steaming on to Chungking — and beyond! On the opening of Chungking we must touch at a future date, only promising that if the example of that port be followed and it be left to Consul and Commissioner to make all arrangements for the commerce of the port without consulting the convenience of any of those interested, it does not require a prophet to predict that no British merchant will ever establish himself in Shasi.

CHUNGKING.

Many people seem to be under the impression that because Chungking is one of the ports mentioned in the Treaty with China and Japan, the Japanese are about to open Chungking. Even in letters from the city itself we notice such expressions as "partially opened." We therefore think it well to remind our readers, that in 1891 Chungking became an opened Treaty Port, although we do not wonder at such misconception on the subject, so extraordinary is the state of things existing there. Everyone is aware that the Yangtze Gorges teem with dangers; the rocks of old Kweichow, the whirlpools below Fengtu, have doubtless made many a Chinaman lament having "robed the roaring waters with his silks." But it seems that when merchandise leaves or arrives at the so-called Port of Chungking it is the time of its greatest peril. Going up it has already been re-examined, and examined again by three sets of Customs officials at Kweifu. Papers have been sent in and duly signed by one European Customs officer at the head of the last, the Gong Gorge, thanks have been returned for a safe voyage before the colossal gilded Buddha on the right bank, and the boat moors at the village of Wanchiat'o below the terrible Tortoise Rock and Whirlpool. There all the precious cargo is piled upon the deck of open cargo-boats, which, to get up the river at all, have to cross from

the right to the left shore, and struggle up past the city of Kiangpei, encountering rapid after rapid. The stranger would naturally anticipate that they would there discharge their cargo, Kiangpei and Chungking being like Hankow and Hanyang, only divided from one another by the Kialing, or Little River, and that the Foreign Customs, as they did not find it convenient to examine it—for the sixth time since leaving Ichang—on arrival, before it was delivered over to the cargo-boat would at least do so now on the left bank. But, no! the unhappy boat has once more to cross over to the right bank to be examined at the Customs pontoon and then to wait there till the papers have been taken over, submitted to the Customs Office on the left bank, and then brought back across the river again, before the goods can make the last crossing of this dangerous river thus arbitrarily imposed upon them by the Customs regulations. We could not ourselves believe that so much extra risk could be forced upon unhappy merchants until we had made inquiries at Chungking, and it is by reason of the delay involved in obtaining information from this distant port that we have not sooner given a description of the way in which Chungking has been opened by the Foreign Customs. One of the peculiarities of this port is that the Customs celebrated its opening by a grand dinner, whilst nothing was yet

known about it by the Consul, although the aforesaid opening was supposed to be a concession to the British Government. Little enough, however, evidently was conceded. When goods have to be shipped down river—musk, medicines, silks, feathers, wool and orchids—all alike, have to cross the river in open boats to be examined at the Customs pontoon, where nothing is done, of course, before 10 a.m. If a special messenger be then despatched in a special boat across the river he can just get the papers to the Customs office and, proceeding up the city, pay the dues into the Customs Bank, getting back to the pontoon before 4 p.m., if he hurries very much. All that time the goods must be alongside the pontoon in the swift-flowing stream and exposed to the rainiest climate in China, and they must lie there all night too, if the special messenger do not manage his crossings of the river well—a thing impossible at high-water time. They must then, still piled high on the deck of an open boat, somehow get past the ill-famed Tortoise Rock and Whirlpool, and only then are they allowed to be shipped upon the trusty junk that is to convey them down stream. "Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, the junks are not allowed to come up and load in the city of Chungking may be known to the Foreign Customs, but is certainly not known to the foreign merchant," adds our informant. We can only image that this plan was devised by the Chinese local authorities in order to make foreign-flagged junks as unattractive as possible and thus drive shippers to the *Likin*, their foreign employé, the so-called Commissioner of Customs having probably no voice in the matter. We under-

stand, however, this arrangement suits the Customs well enough, they preferring to have their office in the city, and the pontoon within easy reach, just opposite on the other shore. So galling, however, do Chinese shipping hongts find the various stipulations, that they were, we hear, about recently to proceed to the British Consul to implore his intervention, but for one of the foreign hongts informing them that British Consuls had instructions always to support the Commissioner of Customs, however vexatious his regulations. This probably is a mistake arising from the almost incredible fact, of which, however, we are assured, that the only British hongt does not enjoy many of the facilities accorded to Chinese merchants, known to be trading under assumed, not real British names, an arrangement the British Consul acquiesces in. There is no Concession in Chungking; there are Telegraph wires—mostly down; there are no Volunteers, there are no Steamers. There is a large and steadily increasing trade, but there are no foreign traders, because it is not enough to pronounce a port open, some encouragement, some facilities. Some inducement must be held out to lead men to settle in what, by general consent, seems to be pronounced the most picturesque but the rainiest of Chinese cities. We wish that we could think that, while making railways to promote British commerce in Africa, the Government might now and again remind officials that the

"Regiment that never was listed
That owns neither colours nor crest
But split in a thousand detachments
Is breaking a road for the rest,"

does not exist in order to afford them honorary posts or comfortable sinecures, but that they themselves only

exist in order to promote British interests, and unless they do so have no *locus standi*. *Servus servorum* is the proudest title the Pope claims, and though John Bull is a stubborn fellow, and takes a deal of snubbing, the abandoned markets of Asia Minor where once English princely houses flourished, show that it was possible then, as it

may be possible in China, to make even British merchants think the game of life in a Chinese Outport not worth the candle. And it must be remembered that though called foreign, the Chinese Customs yet are the Chinese Customs, and it is not part of their business to advance British, or even European commerce.

EAST BY NORTH—BURMA TO SZECHUAN.

THIS route is a reversal of the former which led from Szechuan across Yunnan and through Tonquin to the sea. The change from the torpor and stagnation of Haiphong to the activity and 'hum' of Hongkong can only be felt, never adequately described; but Hongkong needs no description by a tyro to her neighbours in Shanghai, where her force and ability to hold her own are well known and appreciated at full value.

When the British India steamship *Lindula*, after a pleasant five days' run from Singapore, brought us alongside the wharf in Rangoon on a late November afternoon, there was more than the usual expectancy and trepidation common to the initial experience in a new land. Rangoon, the Queen of the East, as one has lavishly called her, presents an imposing front to the river. Long before anything in the city is distinct one sees the slender, graceful column of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda glittering in the sunlight. A nearer view discloses long rows of wharves, and back of these the streets running at right angles to the river. A conspicuous pile of buildings, somewhat out of the usual style, with domes that seem to dominate the city, attracts attention, as do the white walls and minarets of certain mosques; indeed, the whole appearance from the steamer is distinctly oriental and quite unlike anything known to us on the Chinese coast.

If the first view makes this impression, subsequent experience will be sure to confirm it. The population is even more cosmopolitan than that of Singapore, the dresses more striking and the babel of tongues more pronounced. The splendid vessels of the Irrawaddi Flotilla Company, the British India and Bibby lines, were lying in the river which was second in its attraction only to the shore.

Here one comes into the region of "Bazaars," where the natives of India are too much for a Chinaman even. Such huckstering and wheedling and coaxing must make cold chills run down the Chinese spine.

What odds, if you are cheated; it is all done with a volubility, a suavity and self-deprecation, it is almost a pleasure to be swindled. The Chinese are strong in shoemaking and tailoring lines, and among wholesale houses; the peddling and minor business is almost all absorbed by the man from Madras or other part of the great Empire across the Bay of Bengal.

The lions of Rangoon are the Royal Lakes and Gardens, the Elephants in the timber yard, and the aforesaid Pagoda. The elephant at work eclipses both the others to the average sight-seer. His clumsy make-up, combined with docility, carefulness and ponderous strength, directed by an almost human intelligence, is as fascinating now as

when in earlier days he was the attraction of the village fair in East Anglia. To see him take up the logs as they came from the saw—that whirling murderous saw,—suggestive all the time of amputations and inquests—ugh! yet the elephant moved about in close proximity, picked up the logs, hauled them off to a safe distance and left them there for his companion to pile on the stack.

Rangoon has a charm all her own. It was impossible to suppress the contrast that was constantly presenting itself to the mind—the age-wide difference between the impressions made by Haiphong and those received here. Perhaps it was not fair, but it was always coming up with the force of spontaneity, and one finds this contrast forcing itself to the front all through Burma.

The true greatness of the land lay not so much in its natural richness of resources, nor in the splendid development that has worked a veritable transformation in both land and people, not so much in these, great as they are, as in the principles of freedom and practical equality upon which the province is governed. One of the most striking buildings in the European quarter of Rangoon is the German Club, an institution that, like its countrymen, seems to thrive particularly well on British soil. Another type was that of a keen New Englander, with a patent device for car-trucks, who avowed his intention of staying in Burma, the attractions of New England notwithstanding, because of the ease and celerity in "making a pile" there, as compared with the western land.

Within the limit of the law's regulations, all are free, and the law is not burdensome.

The British love of sport is well to the front, as one might suppose in a garrison town, the more noticeable form of it being in the impression made on the native races. In the grounds attached to the different schools one might always see a hearty throng of students in the afternoon, in eager emulation of the Anglo-Saxons, at football or cricket or the more exciting exercises of the running track and parallel bars.

The commodious jail is also one of the essential features of the new civilization that is playing its part in the renovation of the land.

Three thousand prisoners is the capacity and all the room is occupied. There is a saleroom attached to the institution in which the productions of the prisoners are on sale, and net a good sum for the maintenance of this wholesome side of British rule.

Across the Gulf of Mastaban, an even day's run on the comfortable steamers that leave each morning from either side, is the old city of Maulmain. Trim, modest, and attractive, the seat of the chief lumber trade in the country, it possesses many natural attractions wanting to Rangoon.

The Salwen here makes its outlet to the sea; and should the railroad, so long projected, at length be built along its valley through Northern Siam and the Shan States, so as to connect with Szmao in Yunnan, Maulmain may add business activity to its many other charms. As it is, one should not omit a visit to this older capital of Lower Burma.

A night run through the creeks and channels that lead from Rangoon to Bassein in the western half of the delta serves to show two sides of the life in Burma and the line of fusion for

the two. The steamer ploughs her way along the track of the electric light as the steamers do in passing the Suez Canal. It is a rare pleasure to stand behind the man who manipulates the search-light, and see the effect of this new device upon the jungle life on both banks of the creeks. Here a flock of paddy-birds is startled into flight, wheeling and squaking within the attraction of the light, now advancing near to the steamer then hurrying away into the darkness only to return again, always terrified and misled by this deceptive glare. The dogs rush out from the tiny farm-houses and bark furiously at the passing show, while a perfect hail of beetles and bugs rattles upon the roof and leaves smarting points on all exposed surfaces of face and hands, thus adding an element of danger to the delight.

The Flotilla Company operates a magnificent fleet of vessels. The most curious feature to us was the bazar boat—a combination of transport and trade as novel as it is useful. The upper deck of the steamers and of special flats which are lashed alongside the propelling vessels, is given up to travelling merchants, with stocks of cotton goods, umbrellas, and groceries with the contents of a green-grocer's store added. When a town is reached the inhabitants come aboard with a rush and do their marketing as the steamer waits—the only way some of the up-country places have of obtaining provisions. The lack in the Burmese cultivation, and it holds equally true of the thriving Karens, is the scanty selection of vegetables such as we are accustomed to get in China. Rice and curry serve the people for food, and beyond these there is little produced in the line of vegetables, so essential to the European cuisine.

The railway from Rangoon north to Mandalay is much patronised and highly popular, if one may judge by the look of things. Along the line the country has a new look; towns are springing up and people are coming in, all the time Kalahs (as the natives of India are called) and the ubiquitous Chinaman are well to the front.

The approach to Mandalay is through a jungle of ruins. Ruined temples and pagodas are everywhere. The explanation lies in the fact that, as in China so there, temples and shrines are built as a work of merit, but in Burma there is no merit in repairing, hence the abundance of ruins.

On the right hand side of the Mandalay main line, some ten miles below the city, there was a host of coolies working on the Kunlon Ferry Railway, which is to bring the eastern Shan States into closer touch with the older and better developed portion of the country and give, it is hoped, an impetus to trade in that direction. One cannot be very sanguine as to present results, still less is the hope of any inducement being found in the present condition of Yunnan, to the building of the Salwen Valley Railroad from the seaboard to Szmao, so ably and persistently advocated by Mr. Holt Hallett. Reasons of State may be urged for such a measure, but it needs the vision of faith to see anything in Yunnan, as it is at present, upon which to base a commercial plea.

Mandalay is full of interest as it is full of dust. Magnificent distances on broad, straight streets, as flat as a pancake, a swarming horde of Buddhist monks, each with his donation bowl lovingly hugged to his stomach; the moat and wall surrounding the Fort,

now used mainly for government purposes, and a broad insistent hospitality—these are some of the features of Mandalay.

At Amarapoora the railway crosses the Irrawaddi, and from this point remains on the western side of the river. Passengers cross on the ferry steamers, while the freight cars are towed across on pontoons. The river here is wide and imposing, too wide probably for a bridge at present, the cost being almost prohibitive, but a bridge will be needed ere the road can be said to be complete.

From Mandalay to Bhamo the country is very new and evidently waiting for settlers. Katha is the nearest point of rail communication with Bhamo; the rest of the journey is done by steamer. The railroad is being pushed northward with rapid strides, first to Mogoung, whence it will be continued towards India, while the past dry season was occupied with building the line from Mogoung eastward to Myitkyina, a new town on the upper river, an important post from which to reach the country beyond the confluence of the upper waters of the Irrawaddi and also to garrison the forts over on the Chinese frontier.

Of these latter, two are of special interest in their possible bearing upon the future of Yunnan. About four days east of Myitkyina, among the blue hills that are plainly visible from the abrupt bank of the river at that place, is Sadon, a military station within five days' travel of Momein, by Chinese report, while further to the south is Sima, of like character and importance.

Government steamers now run to a point twenty miles above Myitkyina, and the path of progress and extension lies in that direction.

The river scenery in the neighborhood of the defiles is pretty and at places romantic, but nowhere does it approach the grim grandeur of the Yangtze Gorges above Ichang. The difficulty in navigation is, one imagines, much less than would be the case here. In ascending the shallow rapids, where it was important to keep a steady course in the channel, the great trouble seemed to be in the liability of the vessel to "shy" to one side and then be caught in the power of the current, which sweeps her down and probably lands her upon the stones that form the bed of the river, in its shallower parts. The Government authorities have obviated this difficulty by shortening the bows of their steamers, which, however, do not carry very heavy loads and thus have an advantage over the Flotilla's boats.

Standing at the head of navigation, and by the future terminus of the railway on the high bank of the Irrawaddi at Myitkyina, one can look off to the north and east in a region of mystery, and uncertainty, where geographical and ethnological problems are awaiting a solution, which one hopes may be found at no distant date. The steadily advancing line of civilization and order, where only cruelty and confusion reigned before, augurs well for the lands that fall beneath the sway of the British official, and is the best authority for the extension of that rule into these wild ungoverned communities whose name is a synonym for terror and disorder.

Bhamo, the terminal point of the Chinese trade route east, is an important town that hides its real worth beneath its scattered unfinished appearance. The site of the town is cut up by nullahs that carry off the rainfall in the wet season, and there also seems to be an indefinite desire to extend, municipally, *ad lib* along the river front, without regard to appearance or plan. In this, again, the changing river plays no small part, its channel being one of the definite uncertainties that add perplexity to other difficulties in dealing with it. At one part of the town the main channel is hidden away behind an island, while a little below this it threatens to wash away the bank on which the landing and loading are done—this feature seems to be present all along the course of the Irrawaddi.

The Chinese trade carried on in the dry season is done for the major part on the bank close by the steamers. The caravans from Tengyueh (Momein) camp out among the trees or wherever there may be an available spot, their goods, both import and export, are dumped here, and the caravans are made up for the return trip.

One rather striking feature of Chinese connection with Upper Burma is the absence of the Chinese coolie. Where so much new ground is being occupied and the demand for labour so great, one is surprised to find this element absent. There is said to be an understanding between the Chinese merchants, discountenancing the introduction of this class of Chinese, fearing the loss of prestige to themselves. However that may be, there remains the fact that, while the Chinese merchant, and scholar, and caravan

driver, and market gardener, and jade-stone prospector are all present, the coolie is not there to any extent.

The jadestone trade is a growing one. Farmed out for a yearly revenue by the Government to a Chinese speculator, there is a great traffic in the stone between Mogoung and Yunnan *via* Myitkyina and Sadon.

It was assuring as to the continuity and consistency of the Chinese character to find the poor—raggedly poor as compared with the well-to-do merchants—scholars maintaining the same old attitude of stubborn resistance to the spread of Western ideas.

"Good? yes, good for foreigners, but China is well off without them"—an attitude correctly interpreted doubtless in the condition of the Chinese troops and stockades on the border, where, although they have been in close touch with Western ways and to some extent in opposition to advancing Western forces, the old forms of military preparation and defence are the same, perhaps just a trifle more slipshod and dilapidated.

The forts at Bhamo are refreshing, for the neatness of the men, the order of the place and the evident pride in all that makes for the efficiency of the garrison, that if a Chinaman were not blind in both eyes he must see, and failing to see, he must feel, unless every healthy faculty is benumbed, the immense advantage of order and discipline. The absence of these turn all China's show of military strength into a farce to others and a danger to herself.

There was a natural reluctance to leave Bhamo—its congenial society and the protection of the flag—for the disorder and possibilities of Chinese life.

The Government bungalow gives shelter for the first night, as one crosses the Taiping River by a long narrow temporary bridge and comes upon the bustle and friction of the first day's travel among the caravans encamped at the entrance to Migoothit, Capital places these bungalows are, ensuring quietness, rest and provision to the stranger. In the absence of hotels, the Government bungalows of Burma are a beneficent institution.

The next day, over a very bad road, brings us to the camp above the little Nampoung River, the frontier between Burma and China. The courteous and efficient Deputy Commissioner—"D.C." in common parlance—had ridden out thus far with us; and here was the real farewell. We sat with him as he held a kind of durbar of the local Kachin chiefs, who are responsible for the safety and material condition of the roads in their district, for which they receive a certain honorarium from the Government in the shape of a tax levied on every mule that crosses the frontier laden with goods. The day we were there, about seven hundred rupees were divided between a score of claimants, this being their indemnity for the loss of right to plunder the caravans on the road. There is a probability of this tax being removed altogether, now the country has been reduced to order and safety, which will probably result in a further migration of the hill Kachins to the plains where the wild mountaineers are being coaxed by the Government into peaceable industrious ways as farmers and citizens.

The fort, well garrisoned with Indian troops, lies well above the river, but a new site is in contemplation, to connect with the cart road which the Government is building, together with a

permanent bridge across the Taiping, so as to make the approach to Bhamo easier and shorter.

That last night we sat by the camp fire at the river-side, with a picket of Indian troops, hearing them tell of their home life and express their scorn for the Chinese soldier. The war fire was hot within them, if only the occasion would arise.

"Well, good-bye, and good luck," was the parting wish of the genial subaltern as our ponies entered the little stream, which we were soon across and toiling up the vicious grade of the hill opposite the British fort. There had been some misgiving as to the reception we might meet with on crossing, it being understood that there was no fraternising across the frontier and British subjects forbidden to cross. However, we went past one stockade—where should have been a guard—all still as the grave, up again after the panting ponies till we stood at a higher level than the British fort, and then approached stockade number two, where a couple of soldiers were performing their morning toilet operations beside some running water.

"Hullo! where are you going?" "We are on our return journey home to Szechuan." "Oh! walk slowly, walk slowly;"—and so we went on till up and up past a little shrine that gave a distinct Chinese touch to the landscape—a shrine to the god of the mountain and fields—yet no one challenged us, and we began to breathe more freely as stockade after stockade was passed and no question asked. At length a man came running after us and requested that we stop. "Ah!" said we, "here is the test come at last;" but no, the Mohammedan captain wanted some

quinine for the ague, after giving which we passed on. The stockades are probably erected more with a view to Kachin raids than to British invasion. A row of stout poles is made the inner ring of defence, on the outside of which dried bamboo spikes, hard and sharp, are stuck in the ground for a width of six feet all round the poles and the stockade is complete. Some account ought, of course, to be taken of the soldiers; but you know what they are like. Take the worst specimens you ever saw and reduce them to fractions—*vulgar* at that—and you have the Imperial guard on the south-western frontier.

Where the Kachins are numerous, as they are for the first two days, there the country is charming. The trees have been left to grow and on the trunks and branches and in the forks thereof, orchids of rare quality flourish and spread.

Two days out and one reaches Manwyne, a cramped ill-smelling little town, where Chinese, Shans, and Kachins jostle each other on market days. Just after crossing a clear, swift stream, the road runs beneath some wide-spreading trees, under which, the Chinese say, Ma da ren (Margary) was done to death. There was a feeling of solemnity on one at the place, where that young enthusiastic life went out these twenty years ago, and still the ground is strange to his countrymen after so long a time.

A little above Manwyne the Taiping River has to be crossed, and in the absence of a bridge the horses have to swim, while we were ferried over in queer, leaky, old dugouts, that lacked the look or means of safety. However, we got across all right. The work of

transferring the packs of a mule caravan of fifty or sixty beasts may be imagined, and the work of collecting the mules who are ready for a gallop after the cold bath, is fruitful in hard words and harder blows—but so the Chinaman goes on.

From Manwyne to Momein—four days, the road lies along the Taiping valley, through an exclusively farming region. Last year the heavy rains washed away the embankments round the rice-fields, which had been constructed with infinite pains and labour, and now we met numbers of Shan families, disheartened by the loss, emigrating to Burma, where farming is done under much less rigorous conditions than here, and the officials are more considerate.

A hundred li, on the eighth day, brought us into Tengyueh just at night-fall. A hill-circled plain, a small city inside a good wall, the business street outside the west gate, a curious but quiet folk, and there is Tengyueh, the distributing point of British trade with South-west China. There is nothing imposing in the city itself; the site is good, with a rapid stream running between it and the nearer hills, and there is a complete absence of hurry; indeed, a Yunnan man who should seem to be in a hurry would be a phenomenon.

A visit was received from the local official, who wished for our passports, and assured us that he desired to facilitate such intercourse between Burma and China as good neighbours ought to have.

This is surely the spot where the British Government should place a Consul, at the natural terminus of the Bhamo trade route, for the first stage, besides being the focal point of three

roads leading respectively to Bhamo, Myitkyina, and Namkham. A fairly good climate and better situated for supplies than Manwyne, there appears to be every reason why Tengyueh should be the new port in the extension of the Consular service.

Tengyueh to Talifu, across mountain ranges at right angles and intervening rivers in the same way. First a stiff rise to the mountain crest that divides the Shweli from the Taiping, and then down to the level of the former river, which is crossed on a suspension bridge, then up again, for full seven hours, to a second crest, and down to the edge of the valley of the Salwen—that fatal valley filled with “poisonous breath”—when even the natives move out to more salubrious regions for the summer months.

And yet there are fewer prettier sights than is to be gained just as one leaves the mountain for the little level run across the valley—the blend of river, valley and mountain is a delight. The river is crossed by a suspension bridge, divided into two unequal lengths, which make it solid and enduring for crossing.

Leaving the Salwen, and after a day's further journey, we reach Yungchang, the largest and busiest town in Western Yunnan: a plain too full of water for healthful residence, and a brimful, translucent lake near the city, with villages scattered around in profusion—this is Yungchang.

Eight days more bring the traveller to Tali, crossing the Mekong *en route*, a dark, fearsome-looking river, flowing through a deep gorge, silent and gloomy. The bridge is in excellent repair and is doubtless what the Chinese claim—“the number one bridge of the south-west.”

Thirty li from Tali is Shiakuan at the foot of the Tali Lake, the real focus of the trade route east and west and a serious rival both in size and business to the larger city.

Tali is a little disappointing at first sight; so much has been written and said—too much is perhaps expected of it. To the west, hanging over the city, is a range of gloomy mountains whose crests are snow-covered for several months of the year. Opposite to these is the lake, a muddy green in color, not much used for traffic, and between the mountains and the lake lies the city. Limestone abounds everywhere; so the roads are good for pedestrians, but cruelly hard on the horses, which slip and slide over the smooth glassy stones.

We arrived in time to share in some of the odium produced by a rabid anti-foreign outbreak, which had been boiling for some months past, but was now cooling off a little. Indeed, so far as Southern and Western Yunnan are concerned, there is little love for the foreigners. Distorted accounts of the war with Japan are everywhere current, in which China is uniformly victorious and the Japanese annihilated. Formosa is on every lip that discusses China's foreign affairs; and a native book, containing portraits of Liu the Black Flag leader and his lieutenant, was in circulation, in which the doughty Liu is hailed as the saviour of his country, having crushed the Japanese army and navy and kept Taiwan in the Imperial fold. All this has intensified the feeling against foreigners and among the military a bitter spirit is often exhibited. The missionary at Tali bought a piece of ground and house for residence, and

had paid over a part of the money, when the local military man of authority, a Kweichow man, raised a crusade of opinion against the westerner. The local magistrate professed himself willing but unable to avert a riot, if the transaction were not annulled and the property returned. The late owner was accused in the yamen and on the high road to ruin in official hands, and another man holding an inferior office, who expressed his sympathy for the foreigners, was cashiered, so hot was the antagonism, not among the people, but begun, continued and, if it be ended, to be ended in official circles.

There was a disturbing rumour on the streets that five hundred foreigners were on their way to the city and a spirit of alarm was abroad till a strong threatening proclamation from the official put a hole in the story and let out the wind.

For everyday unvarnished heroism there is nothing to the mind of your correspondent that surpasses the attitude and conduct of that missionary family during these trying weeks.

Putting aside the consideration of their aim and work, imagine a little English household of father, mother and three children, supplemented by one other, and she a lady, thirteen days' journey from the nearest neighbour of like speech and sympathy, and twenty marches from British lines, and around them a hostile force and menacing officials, keeping up the tension for weeks without intermission. The crisis of a battle, or the attack of an active mob which brings matters to a point without consultation seems insignificant beside the endurance of this. Two pictures: Here gathered in one of the city temples a conclave of scholars and gentlemen (?) to discuss the situation

which they had forced and decide on the question of a riot or not a riot. The discussion is eager and protracted and though finally the "noes have it," the conclusion was not known at the mission house, where news of the meeting had been brought—one gathering. The other a mother with her children about her knees and the retiring hour had come for the children. But a great debate was going on in the mother's mind, whether it were wise to undress the children to-night. Ought they not to be kept ready for an expeditious move in case of an adverse decision in the other meeting. But where to move—there was no shelter save the doubtful refuge of a neighbour's house. Happily the disaster was averted, leaving in splendid relief against the threatening back-ground the pluck and heroism of that little band of Anglo-Saxons whose other name might be 'Grit.'

Cotton and cloth from Bhamo is here in large quantities and distributed to all the adjacent district, while like articles are also brought by way of Huei-li-chow from Suifu and Shanghai.

Along the border of Yunnan and Szechuan there is a perennial condition of uncertainty owing to the nature of the country and the advantage to the criminally inclined in their proximity to two provinces.

Twice we were turned back in our effort to get north to Ning-yuan-fu. Once the road was in the hands of local rebels, and a second time on a new road a night attack was made, in which our boy got some rather rough handling, and matters were shaping themselves for a big row which prompt action eventually averted, much to our satisfaction and profit.

From this latter point we made as direct a line as we could for Yunnanfu, running for the third time across the tracks of robbers who in this instance had looted an official caravan, killing one of the drivers and were now in the adjacent mountains a menace to the road and defiance to the officials. One yamen runner had already been slain in an attempt to arrest, and a general fear was on the people around the district. The yamen police, armed with iron hooks affixed to the end of a pole, were out scouring all the peaceful villages, but loud in protestations of their inability to catch with iron hooks men who were armed with repeating rifles.

It is the old story—a garrison suddenly discharged without pay, who had taken uniforms and rifles, determined to take pay in some form or other.

The condition of insecurity prevalent in Yunnan may be gathered from the fact that all travellers go armed so far as they are able. Knives, ancient pistols, cheap revolvers, and the matchless trident are some of the weapons of civilians, while in addition to the ordinary equipment of the military, such as spears, swords and tridents, many of

the soldiers carry repeating rifles and have cartridge belts stuck full of ammunition. All the officials travel with armed escort and thus help to make the fashion go.

A laddie who travelled with us for some days had an aged horse—pistol slung across his back. "Have you any powder for your gun?" brought the native reply, "No nor caps either, but I carry it to frighten highwaymen"

The road from Yunnan to Suifu is familiar enough to all to need no notice here.

On the whole there would seem to be little commercial inducement to open Yunnan as a province unless a large margin is also given for its development. The scanty population, the nature of the country and its meagre productions all militate against it, but the possibility of international complications and the prospect of Szechuan as the prize to those who successfully pioneer a way through Yunnan, may lead to such a result in the not distant future.

Whatever be the outcome, Yunnan could scarcely fall into worse hands officially than those that now manipulate the governing machine and use it to squeeze and impoverish the people.

EXPERIENCES IN TIBET.

[BY REV. W. N. FERGUSON].

On the 6th April, 1895, we arrived at Kumbum, a famous monastery on the borders of Tibet. About four thousand lamas inhabit the monastery, which is beautifully situated on and between the slopes of two hills which almost completely surround it. In the valley is a fine grove of poplar trees through which flows a stream of fresh, clear water. My first view of the monastery was from the hill opposite as I came from Sining. As we caught sight of the white fronts of the dwelling-houses they seemed very pretty after the plain mud walls of the Chinese houses which we had been seeing for three months before. They remind one, however, of Christ's language with regard to the Pharisees; "like whited sepulchres which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." My first visit was to the hill at the front from which we looked down on the gold-roofed temple. As we went up we met a young monk slowly making his way around the monastery; every third step prostrating himself on the ground and imploring Buddha to bless him, that in his next life he might come back a higher lama and not an animal. On this road are several prayer-wheel pavilions. These wheels seem to be kept constantly turning. They are cylinders of various sizes, inside of which are prayers, which when turned around are just as

efficacious as though they had been recited, which would require several hours, for some of the wheels are of immense size. At length we reached the spot, which afterwards became a favourite one with us, from which we could get a good view of the temples, especially the one with a gold roof which glittered in the sunlight. Its walls are of enamelled brick of a light green tint, with finishings of yellow and red, on the whole giving it a very attractive appearance. This part of the monastery is about fifty feet square. No one is allowed to enter it except a few of the head men. We could see men on the verandah constantly prostrating themselves before the idols which are said to be of gold. They are inside, however, and cannot be seen. While we were standing there a number of lamas passed, all of whom bowed down before the temple and Buddha. It makes one's heart yearn to see such earnestness and devotion in the worship of an image which cannot help them in any way.

A little later we visited the temples. As you enter the big gate from the street there is a large court-yard, about 50 yards square, paved with stone. At the front of the building is a nice verandah on which are three stationary seats; the middle for the *Faktai*, or chief lama, of the monastery, who takes the place of God. To his right sits

the *Sunkwan* who manages the working affairs after they have been approved by the *Fuhtai*. On the left sits the teacher who reads and explains the books to the scores of lamas who sit in the open court-yard on the hot stones with their shaven heads exposed to the broiling sun, patiently listening to all their learned teacher has to say. It may be perhaps a story of how Buddha in the olden time made an egg and placed it on the side of a mountain, which, hatched by the sun, produced a hen from which we have all the varieties of fowls.

Or it may be a story of the origin of disease, how it all comes from an old woman who had eleven children. Being unable to feed them she crushed some flour in which she put some drug that would incline men's hearts to evil deeds. This she sold on the streets and very soon disease of all kinds appeared. Men, too, fought and killed one another, upon whose dead bodies she fed and sustained her little ones. But one day when she was out Buddha came along and, not being pleased with her act, took her youngest child, who was very small, and put him under a bowl, so that when the old woman came back she could not find him and became very much excited. Then Buddha said to her: "You make a great ado about your one little child whom I have hidden under a bowl; what then of the multitudes of people destroyed by the flour you sold on the streets!" She answered that she had nothing for her children to eat, whereupon he said that, if she would not sell any more of that flour, he would provide her with food. "But," she said, "when you are dead who will provide for us?" He promised that when he was dead his followers would give them food.

This they really believe, for at the monastery that same year they had a feast and sent her fifty cart loads of silver with which to buy bread. The silver, of course, was paper imitation of sycee which was thrown into the river and supposed in some mysterious manner to be turned into real silver for her use.

Many such nonsensical things are taught and believed to be true. There are several other courts connected with the temples and used on different occasions. Some are beautifully draped with silk and on the walls are painted pictures of the Buddha and his followers. The dwellings of the ordinary priests are somewhat different from the temples or houses in which the leaders of their religion live. Each house is inclosed by a wall. The door opens from the street into a large court much like the Chinese houses. This court is usually about twenty feet square, on each side of which is a set of rooms. One set is generally devoted to the idols. A set comprises three rooms, each about eight feet square. The middle one is nearly always left open. In it are a cupboard and meal chest. The other two rooms, which are about eighteen inches higher, are divided by curtains or partitions and used for eating, sleeping, and guest rooms. They are all stuffy, as they never keep their doors or windows open. The floor is of beaten earth with a fire-place underneath. Even in summer, if it is at all cool, they have the rooms warmed in this way, which is rather uncomfortable, since one has to sit on the floor. In the middle of the room is a little table six inches high, on which is an earthen fire-pot for the purpose of keeping the tea hot. Their tea has a peculiar flavour. They use the brick

tea, which is pressed in cakes about 12 by 14 inches and 2 inches thick. A piece of this is broken off and put into the hot water. After it has boiled some time, about as much milk as you have water is added, with enough salt to make it like soup. This is left continually on the fire, so that when a neighbour comes in all they have to do is to pour out a cup of tea for him, which is the usual custom. But to complete the already peculiar mixture a spoonful of butter is added to each cup of tea. Sometimes the butter is none too fresh and may have plenty of green streaks through it. The butter, of course, melts and comes to the top. You skim off some stray hairs with your finger, for they have no spoons. Blowing the butter to one side you drink the tea. If you want more than one bowl there is plenty in the pot, which holds about half a pailful, and you may be sure the good nature and hospitality of your host

will not permit you to go away unsatisfied. After you have finished drinking, a large wooden bowl is passed you containing *ts'amba* (barley-meal), prepared much like our oat-meal, being first dried over the fire before grinding. If you do not help yourself liberally your host will help you generously. The butter, meal and tea are all mixed together with the hand until a thick paste is formed which is then eaten like bread. To finish up you must have another bowl of tea or your host will be offended. Then, after talking a little while, you may take your leave. You may exclaim: "How can anyone eat *ts'amba*?" But I soon came to like it. Whether it was because my grandfather was a Scotchman and used to like his barley brose or not I cannot say. If anyone wants to try this recipe let him first put the butter into a sheep-skin and bury it for six months to get the real flavour of the first class Tibetan butter.

THE WORSHIP OF CONFUCIUS AT SHANGHAI.

[BY JAMES WARE.]

THE worship of Confucius takes place twice a year, in the Spring and Autumn. Having long wished to witness this unique spectacle, I decided to attend the Autumn worship, which I saw from the papers was to take place the 11th of September, before daylight. My teacher, who offered to accompany me, suggested that it would be as well for us to go and see the preparations which were to take place the day before. Accordingly we entered the city at 3 p.m., and made our way direct to the Temple of Confucius. There was a very high tide at the time, and many of the roads were under water, over which we were carried on the backs of willing natives who laughed as they asked for the "ferry money."

The Temple of Confucius is also called the "Temple of the Holy Man," and the "Temple of Literature." The inner temple, which is the most holy of the pile of buildings, is called "The Temple of the Complete One," or "The Great Complete Temple." We took our stand upon the wide verandah fronting the building called "The Posturing Pavilion"—so called because posturing takes place here during the playing of the instruments—and watched several attendants dressed in fantastic garb, practising the prostrations for the worship of the morrow.

In the adjoining court is the "Hall of the Enlightened Ones." This hall is hung with tablets, bearing the names of eminent scholars up to the degree of Churen, and is often used for the settlement of any difficulties the scholars may have among themselves. The next building is called "H'ioli," and is the residence of the Government overseer of schools. Before him scholars are brought to be tried for minor crimes. Upon conviction they are incarcerated in the "Tu ti Miao," or temple of the local divinity. This temple stands by the side of the overseer's house, and his godship is supposed to assume control of all the buildings, like a spiritual policeman.

On one side of the courtyard are two rooms containing the tablets of eminent local scholars, which are held in high repute by the natives of the city. On the opposite side are two rooms, called "The Rooms for Fasting and Washing." According to the rites, the chief sacrificer and his assistants, together with all who participate in the worship, should purify themselves three days beforehand, during which time they should remain within the temple limits.

Seeing a crowd assembled in the centre of the courtyard, we joined them and found they were watching

the butcher kill the pigs for the sacrifice. The number of animals varies in different cities. In Shanghai there were in all one ox, nine goats, and nine pigs. These latter were killed in the orthodox fashion, their blood being allowed to run upon the ground. After this a long iron rod was inserted just above the left hind foot, and worked round the animal's body until all the skin had been loosened from the flesh. The operator then applied his mouth to the hole, and blow the skin out until it was as tight as a football; it was then tied tightly with a strong cord and the animal was ready for the scalding tub. Being thus tightened the skin is readily scraped. This operation makes the animal look fat and plump, and also gives it a life-like appearance. The boys amused themselves with kicking them over and stamping upon them to make their skin rebound. The goats are prepared in a similar manner to the pigs.

It would take an extra good pair of lungs to blow out the skin of an ox, and so the Chinese have hit upon a novel idea, by which his oxship is made to expand himself. His mouth is forced open and a large quantity of salt is pushed down his throat. His tongue is also well rubbed with the salt. Then tubs of water are placed before him, and being consumed with thirst, he continues to drink until he becomes a veritable water-butt, his skin as tight as a drum. He is then killed and skinned, the tail only remaining unskinned. Just before being offered, the stomach is opened and thoroughly cleansed. One gentleman informed me that the animal was made to eat salt in order to give the flesh the taste of corned beef. My teacher suggested

that the original idea in making him drink so much water was "self-purification." Perhaps it was.

The ox was placed before the great tablet of Confucius, with a goat on one side and a pig on the other. The remaining animals were distributed among the other rooms containing the tablets of the ancestors and descendants of the Sage.

Determined to be in time to witness the sacrifices, my teacher and I left home shortly after midnight for the Old North Gate. Upon arriving at the gate I was surprised to find some twenty men waiting outside for admittance, and I began wondering whether we also should have to wait outside for an indefinite period. My teacher went straight up to the gate and cried, "Pass," which immediately brought out a soldier; he then inserted his hand inside the gate which was at once opened and we entered, followed by the waiting crowd. "What did you mean by 'Pass'?" I asked the teacher. He replied: "Yamen officials issue *passes* to their runners when they wish to be outside the city late." "But you had no yamen pass?" This I found to be a ten cent piece, and I was assured that no pass could be more effective in opening city gates. Numbers of persons will remain patiently waiting outside the city gates for hours, sometimes till daylight, rather than part with a few cents. But directly someone with a little superfluous energy raises the necessary amount of cash, they will all pass in without a word of thanks to their benefactor.

The superintendent of boats was the only official at the temple when we arrived, and, as we had still some time to wait, we spent the time in conversa-

tion with the visitors about the origin and purpose of sacrifices. Not one of the scholars present could tell the meaning of sacrifices: we gave them the Old Testament meaning, and showed how that, although the blood of bulls and goats could not take away sin, that it pointed forward to the death of Him who, as the Lamb of God, should bear away the sin of the world. The idea that for the time being God was willing to accept the life of animals for the life of sinners created quite an interest, and many of the scholars confessed that there must be a deeper meaning in sacrifices than simply the remembrance of the holy men of old.

About 2.30 a.m. the overseer of schools made his appearance; he was preceded by several attendants, two of whom carried huge horn lanterns. The party entered by the Eastern Gate and made a circuit of all the buildings, finally proceeding to a building in the rear of the Great Temple where the official paid reverence to the nine descendants of Confucius (called the nine princes), while his attendants, selected *siu ts'ai*, worshipped at the side shrines. The offerings were in every respect the same as those made before the shrine of Confucius, with the exception of the ox and the ceremonial music.

Soon after 3 a.m. the Taotai arrived in company with the Hsien and other officials. They were dressed in their sacrificial robes, which are similar to their court dress. Their outer garments were very magnificent, and, I was told, were woven throughout without a seam. Their hats were also similar to those worn at Court; instead of the ordinary button of office, they were surmounted with a peculiar jade ornament about three inches high,

of the same colour and material as their official buttons. The attendants were dressed in flowing blue robes, with miniature capes, and the sleeves were finished off in the shape of a shoe. These are called "blue gowns," which is also a common name for a *siu ts'ai*, from the colour of his visiting gown. The attendants' hats were also adorned with an ornament in the shape of a peacock.

As soon as the officials entered the gate the big drum was struck, and the master of ceremonies called upon the assembly to take their places, when all gathered in the "Temple of the Enlightened Ones." Here they remained for a few minutes, until three beats of the drum, when they all repaired in order to the main temple. They took their stations and awaited the signal to begin worship.

While they were waiting we went into the great building and inspected the temple and the off-rings. Besides those offerings mentioned in the first part of this paper, there were placed vessels of earthenware, wood, bamboo, and iron, containing various kinds of grain, before the tablet of Confucius, which bears this inscription:—"Most Holy First Teacher." On the right of this tablet were tablets to Mencius and Tsz-tsz, and on the left the tablets of Yenwei and Tsung-tsz; On the right and left sides of the hall nearest the altar were other ten tablets of those disciples of Confucius, who were distinguished for virtue, rhetoric, administrative talents, and literature. Nearer the door were tablets to local heroes. Offerings were placed before each of these shrines.

On either side of the "Posturing Pavilion" were arranged stands of music, containing instruments, ancient

and modern, many of which are only used in Confucian temples. Besides the *Shang*, an instrument containing several pipes, there was a peculiar instrument called the *Hwang*, resembling a gigantic mouth organ, also containing several pipes. At the entrance to the temple were several ancient Confucian harp-sichords. But they were silent, their melodious strings having long ago been replaced with twine. Both the dumb instruments and their mock minstrels were only placed in position to serve as a reminder of the glorious past. At a given signal the musicians, forty-two in all, were conducted to their places by two heralds bearing yellow dragon banners. These were followed by forty boys, each dressed in fantastic blue gowns and, holding a feathery wand. These were the posture-makers. They were school-boys specially selected from the local schools, and were in charge of their school-masters.

By command of the Master of Ceremonies the band played "The great perfect Melody." To play this piece correctly there should be three hundred and sixty performers. But now no great interest is taken in music, so each city is allowed to decide for itself upon the number of musicians required.

Everything being in readiness the Master of Ceremonies calls out:—"The chief and assistant sacrificers will take their places."

The chief sacrificer was the Taotai, the assistants being the Hsien and other officials. Again the Master of Ceremonies cries:—"The band will play." Hereupon the band began to play a dirge-like tune called "Abandoning Peace," peculiarly mournful and sweet,

but quite out of harmony with the opium besotted appearance of many of the performers.

The spirits of the sage and his disciples were supposed to have arrived during the playing of this piece of music. The Master of Ceremonies cries out:—"Perform the rite of welcoming the spirits." Upon this the Taotai and all his officials fall upon their knees three times, each time bowing three times, with their heads to the ground. The scene was very impressive and one not likely to be soon forgotten. Above were the starry heavens, upon the pavilion and in the temple were numerous variegated lanterns and torches; the air was fragrant with incense, and the band discoursed sweet music, while in the foreground were the venerable and dignified persons of the Taotai, as high priest, and his officials, performing solemn worship surrounded by the silent and reverential crowds of spectators.

From this position the officials upon another signal proceeded into the main temple and prostrated themselves before the tablets, the Taotai in the centre, with the Hsien on his left and the Sub-Prefect upon his right. Then an offering is made to the spirits of peculiar strips of wordless paper, called "Poh," which is said to express the sincerity of the worshippers. Another ode is played, called "Received Peace," and the worshippers return to their original position in the courtyard.

Then follow three acts of worship: In the first incense is lighted, the band plays, and the boys commence to make postures, which put me very much in mind of kindergarten fan-drill. In the second act, while the worshippers are prostrating themselves, one of their

number chants a poem of praise to Confucius, in which the most extravagant praise is offered to him, and he is acknowledged to be the equal of Heaven and Earth. While this was proceeding a bystander whispered to me:—"He is singing a hymn just like you praise your Jesus." During this act of worship the band played "The Summon's Ode," and the scholars performed the "Posturings of Excellent Virtue." In the third act the smaller offerings, such as grain and vegetables, were offered before the shrines, after which the Master of Ceremonies cried:—"Take away," when they were all thrown indiscriminately into a basket, the ethereal essence having been extracted by the spirits.

The Master of Ceremonies now cries:—"Perform the Departing Ceremony;" the music and posturing are stopped and the incense is again lighted. Then the whole company, led by the incense carriers, the Taotai and his officers bringing up the rear, proceed

to the incense brazier. Here the "poh," incense, and ode of praise signed by the officials, are burned together, with various kinds of grain, a little wine being poured upon the flames. The spirits having received the papers, take their departure, while the worshippers make their final act of obeisance and farewell salutations. On the afternoon of the day of worship the animals are cut up and divided among the worshippers. The chief sacrificer receives the head of the ox, and the heads of the pig and goat that were offered before the high altar. Those who worshipped at the side shrines receive the necks, those who worshipped the ancestors of Confucius receive the legs, and those who worshipped the local heroes the breast and stomach.

In some cities it is the custom for young school-boys, who are considered defective or dull in learning, to go and prostrate themselves in the pavilion of the hall, in hopes of being improved intellectually.

VISIT TO THE TAIHAOLING.

"Going to our Ancestor to offer incense." Such was the inscription on countless flags and banners carried by crowd of eager devotees, who were wending their way to the great fair at the Taihaoling. The site of this fair is three *li* from Ch'engofoa, a town in Eastern Honan, and the "ling" or mound is supposed to mark the burial place of the skull of Fuh-hsi, the "ancestor of man." The whole country abounds with so many peculiar traditions, coinciding in the main with Biblical lore, that it is well worth more than a cursory glance. With the exception of the Petkueimiao, 180 *li* to the south-east and the reputed resting-place of one of Fuh-hsi's feet, the Taihaoling is, I believe, the only place in China where this particular idol is worshipped. My sources of information are, however, mainly Chinese, and this statement may not be correct.

One of the stories finding ready credence among the illiterate, but somewhat ridiculed by the scholars, is as follows:—"During Confucius' stay at this place someone unearthed a peculiar skull, having a short horn in the centre of the forehead. Puzzled as to its identity, the finder took it to the sage, who suggested that it might be the skull of 'the first man,' but to make quite sure he advised that the skull be broken open, and if the inside

was found to be fragrant, it would prove beyond a doubt that it had once formed part of the anatomy of Fuh-hsi. This was done, and, ~~long~~ the skull being fractured, it omitted a most delicious odour, which filled the whole country side, and removed all doubts. The skull was accordingly buried with appropriate honours, and during the night 'Heaven' showed its approval by sending a whirlwind, and raising the mound over the grave, which is pointed to to-day as proof to the most sceptical."

Other stories there are varying in the element of the wonderful, according to the imagination of the propagator. Whatever may be the value of these stories, the fact remains that for a month before "Ts'ing Ming," that is from the third of the second moon to the third of the third moon, tens of thousands of people (old women greatly in the majority) wend their way from hundreds of *li* in every direction to lay their tribute of incense at this mound.

True to their practical nature, the worshippers take advantage of this great concourse to transact all kinds of business. Horses are bought and sold, farm implements, furniture, cloth, food-stuff, and a host of minor commodities are displayed for sale, while vendors of sweetmeats, play-

things, and all manner of edible trifles do a roaring trade. Long lanes of temporary mat sheds are erected, and the whole place has an air of bustling prosperous activity.

Of course the great attraction is the temple which has sprung up around the grave of Fah-hsi, and a brief description of this will not be out of place. The entire ground (comprising more than 5 *king*) is surrounded with a stout, crenellated brick wall. This vast enclosure lies north and south with the main entrance at the south end and others at the east and west.

Entering at the great gate, a broad avenue of lofty trees is seen, and up this at various intervals are the temple buildings.

Passing a number of stone tablets and minor buildings, all covered with laudatory inscriptions to the great deity, the first main temple is reached. It is surrounded with a raised stone promenade, from which rise rows of fine wooden colonades, giving support to the overhanging roof, and is approached by a flight of broad stone steps. We had entered at night just behind a crowd of worshippers, and by keeping in the background were able to observe uninterrupted all that went on. The pilgrims ascended the steps, each one carrying three sticks of lighted incense. By the aid of these, crackers, paper, and more incense was ignited, and amid the exploding of crackers, sounding of gongs and chanting of the priests the whole company prostrated themselves before the idol. This done they passed out behind its back, went still further up the avenue and entered the second temple, where another image of the same creature was seated on a raised dais, amid great but somewhat

faded splendour. Here the same ceremonies were repeated, and the party passed out again and on to the last and greatest spot, the grave.

Never shall I forget that scene. The moon had passed behind a cloud and the darkness was only relieved by the glare from a huge brazier filled with the glowing ashes from ten thousand bundles of incense, and the lurid light cast by a second fire burning at the foot of a stone tablet in front of the grave, and into which were cast offerings of incense made in the form of temples some 10 and 15 feet high, and carried hither on the shoulders of the worshippers. If the din at the others temples was loud, here it was deafening. Crackers and bombs were exploding on every hand, a score of gongs were adding their quota of noise to the reverberating air, and a company of priests, chosen apparently for soundness of lung, were howling in loud voices the praises of their deity and the benefits to accrue from liberal contributions to his temple. In the midst company after company were arriving, each with their offerings, and when all were given the three sticks of lighted incense which had been borne from the entrance by each one were cast into the brazier, and, as I looked on, I could not but long for the time to come when they will recognize Him whose truest worship is the silent adoration of hearts cleansed in the precious blood of Christ.

We returned to our inn and the following days were devoted to selling the Scriptures and preaching to the crowd who found us one of the attractions of the fair, but whose behaviour was wonderfully quiet and attentive.

The temple to which I wanted most to refer, however (though in the Chinese eyes of much less importance), is one

just outside this same city, and which contains three idols, with a white, a black, and a yellow face respectively—the yellow one having the name Sheng engraved on it—and who are referred to as the three men. Fuh-hsi's face is also a decided yellow, and numerous inscriptions around his temple also refer to the "three men"—the "three kings." Many among the native Christians associate these three images and Fuh-hsi with Shem, Ham, and Japheth, arguing that the three are honoured as the ancestors of man, while Shem, their particular ancestor, is more distinctly honoured with a separate and elaborate form of worship. Associated with these temples are also

vague traditions of an appalling and devastating flood occurring far back in the mythical ages, while the geological formation of vast tracts of this province, south of the Yellow River, lend some colour to these stories. I might also mention that on this mound is reported to grow the "Golden grass," found only on the graves of holy men, and which invariably dies if transplanted.

The whole subject is so interesting that I intend having copies made of the various inscriptions, and collecting all the different traditions and lore connected with these remarkable idols.

SIRS.

KOREA.

A JOURNEY TO PINGYANG AND THE TATONG INLET.

The following is a Report on a Consular Journey to Pingyang and Chenampo, by Mr. S. M. Jordan, H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Söul, dated July 14 h, 1897 :—

At the commencement of May last, in company with Mr. Keswick of the firm of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, and Co., of Shanghai, I undertook an overland journey from this city to Pingyang, from which I returned by water, visiting *en route* several places of interest, from a commercial point of view, on the Tatong inlet. Although so many reports by Consular officers and others have been written on this city that any remarks of mine can hardly fail to be a repetition of what someone has said before, I trust that in view of the fact that the Korean Government have at length decided to open the inlet to foreign trade, the following brief account of my visit may be of some interest.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The road between Söul and Pingyang, a distance of about 180 miles, is a portion of the main route to the Chinese frontier; it is probably the most frequented and enjoys the reputation of being the best kept thoroughfare in the peninsula. Leaving the capital by the west gate, about 1½ miles from the city one crosses what is known as the "Peking Pass," through which a magnificent roadway

has recently been cut from the solid rock: beyond this point, however, there is little or no attempt at road-making or repairing, and only a mile or two further on a pass has to be crossed nearly as trying to laden animals or weary carriers as the Peking Pass in its original condition. The width of the road gradually dwindles down to a mere track 4 or 5 feet across, only expanding again in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger towns, which for the most part are approached through an avenue of willow trees, and adorned on either side by a series of monuments erected to incorruptible officials, virtuous widows, faithful sons, and such-like estimable persons. The number of these monuments is exceptionally large all along this route, more especially at Songdo and Pingyang, but none that I examined were of a very ancient date, the earliest not being more than 200 years old.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

The country between Söul and Songdo, distant about fifty-five miles, consists of a succession of small valleys crossed by low hills of disintegrated granite. Most of the available land seemed to have been brought under cultivation, but the style of agriculture does not contrast favourably with the neatness and thoroughness of Chinese and Japanese farming. The chief crop

in this district is rice, but millet, buck-wheat, sesamum, red pepper, melons, etc., are also largely grown. There is a fairly dense population, Koh-yang, Pa-chou, and Chang-dan, the regular stages on the route, distant about 13 miles from each other, being agricultural centres containing from 1,000 to 2,000 inhabitants, whilst all along the road one cannot journey more than 2 or 3 miles without passing through a small village whose inhabitants make a bare living by supplying food and forage for the traveller. For the European traveller I would always recommend resting in one of these village inns rather than in those of the larger towns. It is merely a choice of evils, but my own experience has been that the smells are a little less vile, and the insects perhaps somewhat fewer and a little less voracious in the country, whilst one enjoys the additional advantage of having a less numerous crowd of curious admirers. About 10 miles north-west of Pa-chou, the Im-chin river, the principal tributary of the Han on its north bank, has to be crossed. At this point, about 20 miles from where it joins the main river, it is a deep stream some 300 yards in breadth, and is navigable for junks of at least 10 tons burden. Smaller junks can ascend considerably higher, and this river forms the main channel for the conveyance of agricultural produce from the north of the Kyeng-ki province to the capital or Chemulpo.

SONG DO.

Song-do is a walled city of irregular shape, about 8 or 10 miles round, picturesquely situated on the southern slope of a mountain named Song-ak-san, from which a rugged range containing many summits of from 1,500 to

2,000 feet stretches away to the north-east. It was formerly the capital of Koryo, one of the three kingdoms into which the peninsula was at one time divided, but at the commencement of the present dynasty the seat of Government was transferred to Soul. Up to the time of the redistribution of territorial divisions in 1895 Song-do retained many of its ancient privileges, and was administered by a governor independently of the provincial authorities, but it is now included in the regular administration, the local official having only the rank of a prefect. The prefecture contains according to the most recent census 11,450 houses, which would give an approximate population of 60,000, about one-half of which are resident in the city and its suburbs. The garrison consists of 70 men, clad in the new foreign uniform. We witnessed their morning parade, the most distinctive feature of which was the appearance of the officer in command; he had donned his foreign helmet and tunic but the remaining portion of his garb was purely Korean. The detachment was an extremely dirty and slovenly one.

ITS INDUSTRIES.

To all appearance Song-do is a very flourishing city; the northern portion, the site of the ancient palace, which is completely in ruins, is altogether unoccupied, but the remainder of the town is thickly populated; inside the south gate are a number of buildings similar to those situated near the Bell Tower at Soul, which are places of business of the various guilds, and these shops show signs of considerable commercial activity. Shirts, mostly British, victoria lawns and other cotton

stuffs, as well as Chinese grass cloth, are everywhere exposed for sale, whilst the native product which is most in evidence, is an assortment of various articles made of oiled silk or paper, the oil for the manufacture of which is obtained from the sesamum plant that is so largely grown in the vicinity. Chief among these articles is the Korean tobacco pouch of oiled silk, which is made, I believe, only in Song-do, though it finds its way all over the peninsula, and which has recently been received into high favour by the foreigners, more especially the officers of Her Majesty's Navy, who have been introduced to it.

GINSENG AND QUININE CULTURE.

The chief industry of Song-do is, however, the production of ginseng, a plant which is highly esteemed as a tonic by both Chinese and Japanese, as well as by the Koreans themselves. The country in the immediate vicinity of the city is given up almost entirely to its cultivation. The seedlings are planted in rows in raised beds, and are covered from wind and rain by a reed thatching some 3 feet in height; during the earlier stages of its growth the plant has to be frequently transplanted, and it requires from six to seven years to reach maturity. The ginseng gardens, which are from 1 to 2 acres in extent, are carefully fenced in, and in the centre an elevated mat-shed is raised for the watchman, who has to observe particular precautions as the plant reaches the later and more valuable stages of its growth.

The so-called "red" ginseng, which is only made at Song-do, is especially prepared for the foreign market. The roots of the plant are placed in wicker baskets, which are enclosed in earthen-

ware pots with holes in the bottom, and then set over boiling water and steamed for a period of from one to four hours according to the age of the plant. It takes about two catties of the "white," or natural ginseng, to make one catty of the clarified product. The "white" ginseng is grown at various other places in the peninsula, and is largely consumed by the Koreans, who have the greatest faith in it as a cure for all forms of disease. It is generally consumed by them in the form of broth; the roots having been well stewed, the Korean epicure wraps a napkin round them, squeezes dry, and proceeds to drink up the juice. Quinine has, however, recently been largely introduced in the country, more especially by certain missionary bodies, who have a custom of rewarding the native disseminators of their religious literature by supplying them with this drug at cost price, and thus enabling them to subsist on the profits of its sale. The drug, to which equally magical properties are gradually being attributed, has already to a large extent superseded the use of ginseng amongst the natives.

Up to 1894 the proceeds of the taxation of "red" ginseng—the "white," as far as I am aware, pays no duties—formed a portion of the royal revenue, but the King at that time gave up this perquisite as well as others in exchange for a regular civil list, and the collection of the ginseng dues is now under the control of the foreign maritime customs. A licence is still required by the grower, and the annual production is limited to 15,000 catties. It pays export duty at the rate of cent. per cent. ad valorem, this amount varying from about 16 to 17 dol. per catty, the value of the ginseng being in propor-

tion to the smallness of the number of the roots taken to make up the catty. The most expensive runs about six or seven sticks to the catty, whilst the average amount of duty on this quantity is reckoned at 10 dol.

KIMCHON.

After leaving Song-do the country ascent becomes wilder, and there is less cultivation, the road winding along enclosed valleys flanked by well-wooded mountains of considerable height. At Kimchon, the centre of a district containing about 20,000 inhabitants, the plains broaden out, and a tributary of the Han, which forms the boundary between the Kyeng-ki and Hoang-hai provinces, is crossed. The river is about 200 yards wide at this point, but at the time we crossed the depth was only from 3 to 4 feet, and we were informed it was practically useless for navigation.

From this point there is a gradual to Pyongsan where the road passes through a narrow gorge, across the entrance and exit to which solid walls have been built, the Koreans say 300 years ago, presumably to form a refuge for the inhabitants in times of danger. Hoanghai province enjoys the reputation of having been in past time a favourite battle ground between Chinese and Koreans, and its comparatively small population is generally attributed to this cause. It is, however, a rough and mountainous province, and except along the valleys of the Tatong and its tributaries would seem to be incapable of supporting a very dense population.

SOHEUNG.

The country maintains its wild character as far as the town of Soheung, which with its suburbs contains 8,000

houses; it lies in a plain of considerable extent, well watered by small streams which ultimately find their way to the Tatong, and carefully cultivated and sown with wheat and beans. From this town to the next stage, Tongsan, about 20 miles distant, there runs on the average a narrow strip of land from 2 to 3 miles broad, under careful cultivation, whilst the produce of this district is within practical reach of the Tatong river and the new port of Chenampo. One of the most attractive features of this part of the country is that from Song-do to Tongsan it evidently would afford excellent pheasant shooting; we were unfortunately a little too late for this, but pheasants exist in almost numberless quantities, and when the Yangtze valley is shot out, Shanghai sportsmen might do worse than turn their attention hither. Mr. Keswick compared it very favourably with the Wuhu country.

TONG-SAN, HOANG-CHOU, AND PING-YANG.

Tong-san lies at the foot of a pass, about 600 feet in height, the only difficult piece of road between Söul and Ping-yang, after crossing which one descends to the plain in which Hoang-chou, the chief town of northern Hoang-chai province, and the residence of the governor is situated. Hoang-chou is connected by water with the Tatong, about 20 miles distant, but the river is shallow and not navigable except at certain seasons. The town itself contains some 3,000 houses, but beyond that it is surrounded by a fairly substantial wall, and that stone embankments have been erected against the flooding of the river, possesses no features of interest, the immediate neighbourhood is fairly well populated. Shortly after leaving Hoang-chou

one crosses a plain of a very distinctive character consisting of low downs of red soil extending for miles on either side of the road. The soil appeared fertile enough, and the little wheat which had been planted was quite as advanced in stage as elsewhere, but only a small proportion of the soil had been brought under cultivation. At first there seemed to be no inhabitants but closer inspection showed a number of small villages, hidden away in little dips. About 10 miles from Hoang-chou the plain is crossed by a low range of hills, north of which it extends right up to the river and city of Ping-yang. This district is well watered by muddy streams, and is sufficiently raised to be beyond the danger of flood. So extensive a tract of open country is a rare phenomenon in Korea, which exists for the most part of a succession of small and confined valleys, and it was disappointing to find that the population, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Hoangchou was not so dense as might be expected. It may, however, be hoped that the opening of Chenampo, by providing a new market, may give a much needed stimulus to agricultural industry in this district. A somewhat remarkable incident in our last day's journey was that between Chungwa and Pingyang, a distance of 20 miles, we were unable to find an inn—the only one that was in existence having been burnt down a few hours before we passed it. We were consequently constrained to make a day's journey of well over 40 miles. This absence of inns is particularly extraordinary in Korea where one expects to find them, at least on regular trade routes, every 3 or 4 miles.

DURATION OF JOURNEY AND RATE OF PROGRESS.

The whole journey, 550 li, or a little more than 180 miles, took us five and a half days. 100 li a day is about the maximum one can accomplish with pack ponies, and to do this one must start about 7 a.m. and go on till nightfall. The rate of progression averages about 10 li an hour, whilst it is impossible to get Korean grooms to do with less than a two hours halt in the middle of the day, about half of which time is consumed in futile discussion or embittered argument either with each other or with the generally loquacious and invariably dilatory innkeeper.

PING-YANG, ITS PICTURESQUE SITUATION.

The City of Pingyang is picture-quely situated on the north bank of the Tatong river, about 70 miles from its mouth. The beauty of its situation well deserves the praises that have been showered upon it by both European and Korean writers. To the south-east stretches a broad plain to a distance of at least 30 miles, with ranges of the blue hills in the far background; while on the north and west the city is shut in by wooded heights that approach to within 2 or 3 miles of its walls. The eastern wall of the city, some 30 feet in height, and surmounted by a crenelated parapet, rises sheer from the river bank, along which it runs, beside a stream 300 or 400 yards wide and of a deep pure blue, for a distance of at least a mile, when it turns northward, climbing deviously up the side of a steep fir-clad height, known as "Peony Hill," to the north-east corner, the highest point of the city. The Chinese apparently had made some use of the batteries they had erected here in the battle of September,

1894. It is a particularly strong position of the wall and towers here showed that it had undergone a bombardment of great severity. This "Peony Hill" is also surrounded by a wall, an excrescence from the wall of the city proper; the enclosure, which is sometimes termed the "northern city," is inhabited only by a few Buddhist monks, but it is famous throughout Korea as an ideal place for enjoying the idle admiration of nature that is so dear to the Korean heart. Pingyang, in Korean eyes, pre-eminently a gay city, is also noted for the wit and beauty of its "gesangs," corresponding to the Japanese geisha girls, as well as for the picturesqueness of its scenery, and the native of wealth or official position, if he finds himself in this city, invariably considers it the "thing" to give picnic parties to his friends at this celebrated spot, a bevy of these damsels forming a necessary and attractive item in the entertainment. During our stay we used daily to see boatloads of these brightly-clad young ladies journeying to and fro, singing, laughing, chattering, an altogether unaccustomed, and somewhat pleasing sight in Korea, where, as an ordinary rule, no female under the age of apparently 50 exposes her face to the public view.

KOREAN TOBACCO.

The enjoyment of the "douce far niente" is still further enhanced by the excellence of the local tobacco. The leaf is rolled into a torpedo-shaped cigar, about 4 inches in length, and bisected so as to form two cones; the smaller end is placed in the bowl of the long Korean pipe, the stem of which often exceeds 3 feet in length. The tobacco, though somewhat sweet, is not unpleasant, especially when

smoked in the orthodox Korean manner.

CONFIGURATION.

The wall of the city proper is of irregular shape, and is from 6 to 7 miles in circumference. On the southern side of the town lies the old city which forms a suburb of very considerable extent; it is surrounded by an earth wall from 10 to 15 feet in height, broken down altogether in many places, and embracing an area of about 3 miles by 2. Korean historians declare that this was the city founded by the famous Kiga, an emigrant from China, about 1100 B.C., and the founder of the Chosen dynasty. But however this may be, the city is one of undoubted antiquity, and long celebrated as a commercial centre. Before the war, the population of the city and its suburbs was estimated at 50,000.

POPULATION.

I have been unable to get statistics of the present number of inhabitants, but I should think that 30,000, or at most 35,000, would be a liberal estimate. The northern portion of the inner city is billy, and has never been built over, whilst at least one-third of the houses in the south-western quarter were burnt down at the time of the bombardment in September, 1894, and have not yet been rebuilt. A severe attack of cholera in the summer of 1895 still further diminished the population. Leading from the Tatong gate, on the river bank, there is one fairly broad street about 300 yards long, but the remaining thoroughfares are extremely narrow and dirty; most of the houses and shops are more or less dilapidated, whilst there are no buildings of any striking importance. Built in a prominent position on a hill overlooking the river is

a temple to the Chinese God of War, who at the time of the Japanese invasion at the close of the 16th century, is reported to have emulated the achievements of the mythical "Great Twin Brethren," at Lake R-gillut, and to have appeared in person to assist in the repulsion of the invaders. This temple is perhaps deserving of notice as being one of the few decently kept sacred buildings in Korea.

TRADE ONLY TEMPORARILY MONOPOLISED
BY JAPANESE.

Pingyang has always enjoyed considerable fame as a trading centre, and there are still many signs of commercial activity. Up to the time of the recent Chino-Japanese war, the advantages of foreign trade were monopolised by Chinese merchants, numbers of junks trading between the opposite coast of Shantung and the various ports of the inlet. After the capture of Pingyang the Chinese merchants left the city, and until the autumn of 1895, whilst the city remained practically in military occupation of the Japanese, their merchants held a similar monopoly to that enjoyed by their rivals, but as soon as the Japanese troops evacuated the place, the Chinese commenced to win back a share of the trade.

At the time of my visit two considerable Japanese firms had branch houses established here, whilst on the street leading from the Tatong gate, which is pre-eminently the business quarter of the city, there were some 15 to 20 small shops in the possession of Japanese retail dealers. The amount of trade passing through the hands of these latter is, however, small; they have little or no capital, and the rate of interest, 18 per cent, per annum, charged by the Japanese banks for

loans to this class of customer, renders it impossible for them to compete on a large scale with firms of any standing. There are also two or three sites in the possession of Japanese rice and bean merchants on the river frontage outside and to the south of the Tatong gate, were there is water deep enough for vessels of from 20 to 30 tons burden to anchor alongside the bund. At the time of our visit rice and bean bagging was being carried on with great activity, the bags being shipped into Japanese and Korean junks. Most of the Japanese trade here consists of the export of agricultural products to Japan; agents, sometimes Korean but often Japanese, are sent up country to advance money against the crops; the produce is brought down to Ping-yang, bagged there and shipped by junk, either direct to Chemulpo, or to Pusan, 14 miles down the river, whence it is taken to Chemulpo by the Korean Government steamers which have recently been trading there. A number of Japanese schooners also trade directly between Chemulpo and the inlet, nominally under charter to Koreans, a licence being issued to them by the maritime customs authorities. There are at present only two Chinese firms resident in the city, but they are both houses of good standing, and are in possession of a large proportion of the import trade, to which their business is almost entirely confined.

TRADE IN COTTONS.

Shirtings, British, and victoria lawns, almost entirely supplied through Shanghai firms, and Chinese grass-cloth form the staple articles of import, and it was satisfactory to hear that the Ping-yang consumer preferred goods of superior quality to articles of shoddy manufacture at a lower price. Japanese

matches, German aniline dyes, and American kerosene oil are the chief remaining imports. A considerable amount of gold dust is brought down to Ping-yang from the many "placer" gold mines in the neighbourhood, and is sold there at a varying price according to quality, but averaging approximately 40 dol. (4*l*.) per tael ounce of 540 grains. The Chinese merchants mostly receive payment for their piece-goods in this manner.

STATISTICS.

I have been unable to obtain any reliable statistics of the recent state of the foreign trade, but the following figures obtained from the maritime customs give the authorised trade between Chemulpo and the Tatong inlet for the year 1894 and the first six months of 1895

	Value.	
	1894.	1895. (January-June.)
	Dollar.	Dollars.
Imports from Chemulpo (foreign articles)	192,333	100,390
Exports to Chemulpo ...	42,047	46,993

EXPORT.

Of the exports which consist mainly of rice and beans about one-third of the value come from the district of Chai-riong, a small town situated on a tributary of the Tatong, which joins the main stream just below Chelto island.

It must be remembered, however, that during the greater part of the time to which these statistics refer Ping-yang was almost deserted by its native inhabitants, and again that the figures include only the merchandise shipped in the Korean steamers, and the Japanese vessels sailing under Korean charter.

SMUGGLING.

It is impossible to estimate the amount of trade done by the smuggling Chinese junks, quantities of which haunt the inlet, bringing in cotton goods and taking away rice and beans. The latter cargo being particularly valuable as the Pingyang bean is much cheaper and of almost as good a quality as the Newchwang product. As a sign that there must be considerable profit to be made out of this trade I may mention that in the spring of 1896 the Korean Government sent an expedition to the inlet which succeeded in seizing five Chinese junks. They were brought to Chemulpo and their cargoes forfeited, but no sooner had they got back to China than they at once filled up with cargo for Pingyang and light-heartedly once more proceeded thither. The Tatong is navigable for junks of small size almost to the Chinese frontier, and is reported to flow through a rich agricultural district capable of supplying a considerable quantity of beans and wheat for the foreign market, and I am convinced that 42,000 dol., or even 100,000 dol.—which would have been the 1895 export if the export for the latter half of the year was equal to that of the first six months—only represent a mere fraction of the actual, not to speak of the potential, value of the export of agricultural produce.

ANTICIPATED INCREASE OF TRADE.

Roughly speaking the populations of the Pingyang and Hoanghai provinces are 1,130,000 and 650,000 respectively, almost all of whom except the inhabitants of south Hoanghai would draw their supplies from the new port, instead of being supplied as hitherto largely from Wonsan by an overland

route. Consequently it is not unreasonable to expect a considerable increase in the gross import trade, in view of the enhanced cheapness of the goods arising from improved commercial facilities.

MINERALS.

In addition to the rich agricultural resources of the Tatong Valley there is also a large supply of mineral wealth especially in the Pingyang province—there are also reported to be rich gold mines in the southern part of Hoanghai—which may play an important part in the future development of the new port.

"Placer" gold mining is carried on very largely in the northern portion of Pingyang province in the tributary streams of the Tatong and Yalu Rivers, and in 1895 the Korean Government granted a concession to work gold in the district of Wönsan—not to be confounded with the treaty port—a tract of about 25 square miles, situated about 100 miles north of Pingyang city, to an American syndicate. There are about a dozen foreign engineers resident at present; a mill has been set up, and at the time of my visit to Pingyang the manager was awaiting with some anxiety the result of the first crushings.

When the Americans first took possession of their concession they encountered considerable opposition from the local "placer" miners, who naturally objected to what they considered a violation of their natural rights. The syndicate was practically boycotted, no workmen could be obtained, supplies were refused, and at one time a serious outbreak was expected. However, permission to the miners to continue their "placer" mining in some parts of the concession, and the

offer of good wages, in the end gained for the concessionaires the privilege of a peaceful enjoyment of their rights. The wages paid to the Korean miners are 40 c. a day (10*d.*), and the manager of the mine professes himself perfectly satisfied with the quantity and quality of their work; though a man of considerable experience in mining, he informed me that Koreans compared favourably with any other miners he had had dealings with; if properly supervised they did good and intelligent work, cost little, and were easily managed.

COAL.

Within a radius of 10 miles from Pingyang no less than nine coal mines have been worked of recent years. The enterprise was started by the governor of the province in 1885 as a Government speculation, but this method not proving remunerative the concession to work the mines was granted to private persons on payment of a fixed royalty. We visited one mine about 6 miles north-east of Pingyang, on the south bank of the river, distant half a mile from the shore. The mining consisted of mere surface scratching, the cuttings being not more than from 10 to 15 feet. About 200 tons were lying bagged—very badly—and ready for shipment by the riverside. The coal is a soft anthracite, burns with a great deal of dust and gives little heat; it has been tried and found useless for steamer purposes, but has largely been employed in Korea—in the form of coal balls—for use in foreign stoves, which it seems to suit better than the Japanese bituminous coal. Whether coal of a better quality could be found at a deeper level is, of course, a question for an expert; at any rate the mining

so far has been confined to the surface scratching I have described. The cost of this coal is 2 dol. 50 c. a ton at the pit's mouth, and 5 dol. when laid down properly bagged and ready for shipment at Pusan.

FOREIGN POPULATION.

In addition to the Chinese and Japanese I have mentioned as trading at Pingyang, the foreign population consists of seven or eight American citizens, representing two missionary societies, one Presbyterian and one Methodist, who have both flourishing stations here. The former mission have purchased, in Korean names, some 5 or 6 acres of land outside the west gate, where, amongst other buildings, they have erected a hospital, at which no less than 11,000 patients were treated during 1896. They report that Pingyang is an excellent centre for evangelistic work, their converts numbering at least 1,000 after two and a half years' residence there. The Koreans of these northern provinces are in the opinion of these missionaries who have lived amongst them, far more satisfactory than their southern compatriots. They are more honest and reliable, as well as more enterprising, diligent, and industrious, a view that is borne out by the foreign merchants who have had dealings with them.

In view of the number of foreigners at present settled in the city, it appears to me greatly to be regretted that the Korean Government have decided not to open the place to foreign residence. Pingyang is the commercial centre of the country, and it is probable that at any rate for some years Chenampo will be little more than a dépôt. Meantime, the business opera-

tions of the foreign merchants cannot fail to be badly hampered if they are compelled to rely on native agents at the central market.

TELEGRAPHS, AND POST OFFICE.

During our four days' stay at Pingyang we found excellent quarters in the telegraph office, the official in charge, who was a friend of our interpreter, placing three rooms at our disposal, and treating us with the greatest kindness and consideration. The telegraph office at Pingyang is a comparatively busy one, the gross receipts, I was informed by the manager, being in excess of any other office in Korea. It is largely patronised by Koreans, and in one day during my visit no less than 70 native messages were despatched from the office. The cost is 1 c. per word in the native character, and 10 c. per word in European languages to any part of Korea. A post office, which has recently been established, has not yet met with a proportionate success. A courier leaves daily for Söul, but the average bag at present is not more than 80 letters a day, whilst 18 couriers have to be maintained to keep up the service.

OFFICIAL COURTESY.

The local officials were also exceedingly courteous and considerate. On arrival I sent my interpreter to the office of the governor of the city, who is the administrator of the southern half of the province, to enquire when I might pay my respects to him. To my surprise the interpreter returned with the news that the governor was on his way to call upon me, an honour that to an individual of my rank and standing was most unexpected. He turned out to be an extremely

polite old gentleman, as indeed are almost all Korean officials; we were invited to luncheon next morning, and he was profuse in his apologies that owing to his being still in official mourning for the Queen he was unable to give us an evening entertainment with the orthodox attraction of a "gesang" dance, which appears to be the one sight worth seeing in this city. The commandant of the garrison, which consists of 400 men, who were at one time under Japanese instruction, also honoured us with a visit.

NAVIGATION.

We left Pingyang in a native junk by which we proceeded to the new treaty port of Chenampo. Between Pingyang and Mankyeng-t'ai, a wooded bluff on the north bank about four miles below the city, the river runs through a low-lying and extensive valley forming numerous islands. There are frequent shallows, and this part of the river is only navigable for junks of any size at extreme high water. Mankyeng-t'ai is the highest point to which sea-going steamers can approach, and small vessels drawing from eight to ten feet of water are able to make their way thither. About ten miles below this point is situated the small town of Posan, also on the right bank, the port to which the Korean Government steamers at present ply. They draw from 14 to 15 feet of water when fully laden, and ascend at any state of the tide; but the navigation above Kichinpo is said to be difficult, the channel constantly shifting. The country between Posan and Pingyang is extremely fertile, and foreigners who have passed through it state that all the available ground is cultivated, and that with a care that is unusual in this country.

In the future either Mankyeng-t'ai or Posan will probably be connected with Chenampo by a line of small steamers, and come to bear the same relation to Ping-yang as Ryong-san does at present to Söul, and in my opinion it would both be convenient and advantageous to commerce that one or even both these places should be allowed to be used as "ports of call."

Kichinpo, about 5 miles above the bend at Chelto Island, is the next point of interest on the river. It has frequently been suggested as possibly the best position for a treaty port on the inlet. It is 20 miles nearer Pingyang, it can be reached by vessels of 20 feet draught at all states of the tide, the objectionable mudflat is absent, and it possesses a particularly favourable site for settlement purposes. Its disadvantages are firstly that the navigation above Chelto Island is very difficult; the river narrows above the end, and the ebb, which is very strong at all points of the inlet, here flows with extreme violence, as much as 6 or 7 knots an hour having been noted. A shoal, too, about 2 miles north of Chelto has recently been reported. The second drawback is that the country behind the port is mountainous, and overland communication with Pingyang, from which it is about 40 miles distant, is far more difficult than in the case of Chenampo.

A mile or two above Kichinpo the river is joined on the left bank by a tributary that runs through Hoang-chon, the principal town in the north of Hoang-hai province, and, as I have mentioned before, the centre of a rich agricultural district, whilst 6 or 7 miles lower down the Chai-riong river joins the main stream; both these tributa-

ries are navigable for small junks, and run through good rice and corn-growing districts.

SCENERY.

The scenery at this point of the river is very fine; cliffs on the right banks descend sheer into the water from a height of 100 to 150 feet, broken from time to time by gently sloping valleys which terminate at the water's edge in beds of rushes. After rounding the bend at Chelto, the river broadens out to a width of a mile or more, and the character of the banks alters. A succession of small bays is passed on either side of the river, where at low water large expanses of mudflat lie exposed; the shore gently rises from the water's edge, the lower slopes being for the most part cultivated, and supporting a fairly numerous population, a considerable proportion of whom gain their livelihood as fishermen. All along this portion of the river the country presents a particularly attractive appearance, the hillsides being more thickly wooded—mostly with pine—than in the vicinity of the Han.

The journey by junk from Pingyang to Chenampo took us 28 hours, or three ebb tides. We had the benefit of a fair wind for the greater portion of the way, and I should estimate that 48 hours at least would have on an average to be allowed for cargo boats to reach the port from the city.

THE NEW TREATY PORT.

Chenampo, the place selected for the new treaty port, lies on the north bank of the river about 20 miles from its mouth. It is in the prefecture of Samwha, a town 10 li to the north, where a magistrate resides, the chief authority at Chenampo at present being

the village headman. The prefecture contains about 30,000 inhabitants. The village, which comprises only 140 houses, or about 700 inhabitants, is situated in a small bay, facing south, bounded on the west by a projection $\frac{3}{4}$ mile in length, which extends almost to low water mark, where it slopes down abruptly a height of 100 feet or so. The eastern boundary is a small well-wooded island named Pi-Pal-do, lying almost due north and south, about one-third of a mile long, at the extremity of which is another small island which touches low water line. The distance between this latter island and the point of the western projection is about 800 yards, and the whole of the bay north of a line drawn across from these two points lies exposed as a mudflat at low water; this is only portion of a much larger mudflat which stretches away for a couple of miles or so to the north-east. Through this flat winds a small creek to within 50 yards of the village, where a jetty has been erected by the Japanese commissariat department. It may be remembered that Chenampo was largely used by the Japanese during the war as a base for supplying their army, the stores being landed here and taken overland to Pingyang, to which place a light railway had been laid down. At this time there were Japanese merchants residing at Chenampo, but they have since left, and with the exception of this jetty and another built at the extremity of the Western projection there are no traces remaining of the Japanese occupation. The creek is useless at low water, and the landing place of the future will be at the extremity of the western projection, where the Korean customs have already marked out a reservation of from 30,000 to 40,000 square metres.

ANCHORAGE.

The best anchorage lies between the western point and Pi-Pal-do Island, where at about 100 yards from low water mark a depth of from 8 to 17 fathoms is found at low water. There is here a mud bottom affording good holding ground, and there is sufficient room to anchor at least six vessels. The river is about a mile wide here, the rise and fall of the tide averages about 20 feet, and there is a very strong ebb tide of at least 4 miles an hour.

DURATION OF CLOSURE OF PORT.

The river is not frozen completely over, but the port is closed by drift ice, as a rule, from the middle of December to the middle of March, though it has been known to remain open until the latter end of January. North of the village miles of undulating country extend inland, affording ample ground for a settlement, which, if it should ever be required, might be extended indefinitely without inconvenience.

DRAWBACKS.

The main drawback to Chenampo as a port is the presence of so large an extent of mudflat and the consequent scarcity of good landing accommodation, and of good business sites near the

river. The however, is a disadvantage that can be rectified. The mudflats slope gradually to low water mark, where they descend very abruptly, and the western projection, which consists of disintegrated granite, would form suitable material for filling them in. The creek, too, if widened and deepened would afford increased landing facilities.

COMPENSATING ADVANTAGES.

The compensating advantages of Chenampo are primarily the comparative excellence of the steamer anchorage, to which vessels can come up by day or night and at any state of the tide, its proximity to the mouth of the inlet, and the facilities it affords for an extended settlement area.

OVERLAND COMMUNICATION.

In addition, the country between the port and Pingyang, a distance of 40 miles, does not present any great natural obstacles to overland communication. As I have mentioned before, the Japanese laid down a light railway without much difficulty, and in view of the probable development of the port, the possibility of the establishment of railway communication with the chief town of the province is one that should not be lost sight of.

A PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY AT THE COURT OF KWANG-HSU.

Chen Lien-fang, the most celebrated native physician in China, returning to his home in this province from attendance on the Emperor at Peking, did me the honour of calling on me some days ago. A brief account of his experiences at the capital may not be without interest to readers in England.

When the edict was issued calling upon the provincial Viceroy and Governors to send native doctors of distinction to Peking to advise in regard to the Emperor's illness, Chen Lien-fang received orders from the Governor at Su-chau to leave for the north without delay. This in itself, apart from the uncongenial and unremunerative nature of the duty (of which Chen was well aware), was no light undertaking for a man of delicate physique whose age is over three score years and ten; but there was no possibility of evading the task. He accordingly left his large practice in the charge of two confidential assistants, or pupils, and, having received from the Governor a sum of 6,000 taels for travelling expenses and remuneration in advance, made his way to Peking and reported for duty to the Grand Council. When he arrived there he found three other native physicians of considerable repute already in attendance, summoned in obedience to the Imperial commands. Dr. Déthève,

of the French Legation, had already paid his historical visit to the Emperor, and his remarkable diagnosis to the Son of Heaven's symptoms was still affording amusement to the Legations. The aged native physician spoke in terms of undisguised contempt both of the French doctor's comments on the case and of his suggestions for its treatment. His own description of the Emperor's malady was couched in language not unlike that which writers of historical novels attribute to the physicians of Europe in the Middle Ages; he spoke reverently of influences and vapours at work in the august person of his Sovereign, learnedly of heat flushings and their occult causes, add plainly of things which are more suited to Chinese readers than to those of *The Times*. Nevertheless, his description pointed clearly to disease of the respiratory organs — which he said had existed for over 12 years—to general debility, and to a feverish condition which, he ascribed to mental anxiety combined with physical weakness. Before he left Peking (about the middle of November) the fever had abated and the patient's symptoms had decidedly improved; the case was, however, in his opinion, of so serious a nature that he decided to leave it, if possible, in the hands of his

younger *confrères*—an object which by dint of bribing certain Court officials he eventually achieved. Asked if he considered the Emperor's condition critical, he replied oracularly that if he lived to see the Chinese New Year his strength would thereafter return gradually with the spring, and the complete restoration of his health might be expected.

Some few days after his arrival in Peking Chen was summoned to audience by orders conveyed through a member of the Grand Council; the Emperor and the Dowager Empress were awaiting his visit in a hall on the south side of the palace. The consultation was curiously indicative of the divinity which hedges about the ruler of the Middle Kingdom; suggestive, too, of the solidity of that conservatism which dictates the inner policy of China. Chen entered the presence of his Sovereign on his knees, crossing the apartment in that position, after the customary kotows. The Emperor and the Dowager Empress were seated at opposite sides of a low table on the dais (or stove-bed) and faced each other in that position during the greater part of the interview. The Emperor appeared pale and listless, had a troublesome irritation of the throat, and was evidently feverish; the thin oval of his face, clearly-defined features, and aquiline nose gave him, in the physician's eyes (to us his own words), the appearance of a foreigner. The Empress, who struck him as an extremely well-preserved and intelligent-looking woman, seemed to be extremely solicitous as to the patient's health and careful for his comfort. As it would have been a serious breach of etiquette for the physician to ask any

questions of his Majesty, the Empress proceeded to describe his symptoms, the invalid occasionally signifying confirmation of what was said by a word or a nod. During this monologue, the physician, following the customary procedure at Imperial audiences, kept his gaze concentrated upon the floor until, at the command of the Empress, and still kneeling, he was permitted to place one hand upon the Emperor's wrist. There was no feeling of the pulse; simple contact with the flat of the hand first on one side of the wrist, and then on the other. This done, the Empress continued her narrative of the patient's sufferings; she described the state of his tongue and the symptoms of ulceration in the mouth and throat, but as it was not permissible for the doctor to examine these he was obliged to make the best of a somewhat unprofessional description. As he wisely observed, it is difficult to look at a patient's tongue when his exalted rank compels you to keep your eyes fixed rigidly on the floor. The Empress having concluded her remarks on the case, Chen was permitted to withdraw and to present to the Grand Council his diagnosis, together with advice as to future treatment, which was subsequently communicated officially to the Throne. The gist of his advice was to prescribe certain tonics of the orthodox native type and to suggest the greatest possible amount of mental and physical rest.

In reply to my inquiries as to the Emperor's diet, Chen observed that it would, of course, be highly beneficial were he given a moderate amount of meat food; this, however, he could not have suggested since it was contrary to the Confucian doctrine. He had been

given to understand by one of the Court officials that the Emperor's daily fare consisted almost entirely of rice, seasoned with the usual condiment, but there was no way in which he could have obtained reliable information on this point, and any direct inquiries during the audience were naturally out of the question. Certain of the patient's symptoms were such as to preclude the administration of the tonic most usually prescribed for anæmic subjects—a decoction of ginseng.

Summing up the results of his audience, Chen observed that under the condition attendant on prescribing for a Chinese Emperor, one doctor was just as good as another, and that the fate of the patient must necessarily be a matter entirely in the hands of Providence. He thought that the Emperor was receiving all possible care and attention, but that the restraints and limitations imposed by Court etiquette prevented much being done which might otherwise assist in the restoration of his health.

A few days after the first consultation—if the word can be used in such a case—Chen was again summoned to audience. He observed a marked reduction of temperature, but the patient was even more listless than on the previous occasion. The interview consisted of a monologue, as before, the

Dowager Empress being apparently very anxious to prevent the invalid from speaking. On the following day Chen received a present of two handsome riding jackets, a mark of Imperial favour which did not prevent him, however, from sending in a petition to the Grand Council, in which he stated that his aged mother was ill and asked that he might be released from further attendance at Court, and permitted to return home and discharge the obligations of filial piety. This petition apparently aroused certain suspicions in the mind of the Sovereign, or of the august lady who guards the Throne (the excuse being indeed somewhat conventional), for a rescript ordered the Grand Council to ascertain if the facts were as stated. Chen was fortunately able to demonstrate to all concerned (at a cost of some eighteen thousand taels) that his mother was in existence and in bad health, and the council having memorialized to this effect, a second rescript permitted him to return to his home. Accordingly he left the capital with all convenient rapidity, poorer, perhaps, in purse, but richer in wisdom by virtue of a unique experience. The three other native doctors remain in attendance.

I may add that the mother of Chen Lien-fang is actually in existence, and that his filial devotion was not purely imaginary.—*Times* Shanghai correspondent.

CRUELTY IN CHINESE EDUCATION.

"A severe teacher produces good scholars."—Chinese Proverb.

"The whining school boy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like a snail,

Unwillingly to school."—Shakespeare.

"Learned, without sense, and venerably dull."—Churchill,

It is ordinarily the province of an essay writer to define clearly at the very outset the term or terms of his subject. In the present case, however, the terms need no definition. Washington Irving, in writing his famous Legend, calls that sequestered glen the Sleepy Hollow. He says: "A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere." Further on he says: "The place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie." A paragraph farther on he says: "I mention this peaceful spot with all possible land, for it is in such little Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved."

China bears many points of resemblance with this Sleepy Hollow. I doubt whether it will be inappropriate to call China, though it is much to our regret, by that name. China and her people are under some dreamy influence, and they are walking in continual reverie. The next point of resemblance is that while other nations are hurrying on their way of progress to civilization, she not only does not keep pace with the march of civilization, but lately, as we have seen, stands up alone to stem the tide of progress. Having reached the point of her highest development she is now on the decline. Another point of similarity is the administration of the schools.

I. A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF A CHINESE SCHOOL.

Schools among the Chinese have assumed a great variety of forms. Our modern institutions, both high and low, public and private, have been greatly modified according to the circumstances of individuals and communities. Typical Chinese schools are equipped like the Do-the-boys Hall of Dickens' description, and the village school in the Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

The students are not grouped into classes; every one is a class by himself. One's studies may be widely different from others. One may study

the 'Trimetrical Classic' and the other advanced literature. With regard to what is taught in elementary education, our Western friends may meet with a surprise. A beginner is usually taught advanced philosophy, the results of ancient abstruse thinking, and he is led into the labyrinth of philosophical phraseology. At the very outset he is to study "Man by nature is good." Instead of object lessons the beginner is taught a collection of moral maxims, the remarkable sayings of sages, with which are blended a variety of mystical dogmas and a few historical facts.

The method of teaching has no doubt been affected by the character and style of the books in use, and is open to much objection. When the pupil enters school he commences learning from the dictation of the master; the latter reading and the former following, endeavouring to imitate the master as perfectly as possible. As soon as he is able to read a few lines or sentences, the child is seated by himself at his table, and continues to repeat the lesson until it becomes so well known that he is able to "back" it. After having pursued this course for a year or two, and having become familiar with the forms of a few hundreds or perhaps thousands of characters, the teacher commences a course of explanatory lessons, going over the ground already trod and explaining word by word and phrase by phrase, what has already been committed to memory. He defines according to the process of *ignotum per ignotius*. Here is a typical case. When I was young I came across a word, Du (徒), which means a disciple, an apprentice, vain or vanity: I went to ask my

teacher about it. He defined it with the phrase Du-jun (徒然), which means vanity. I took it to mean Du-jun (渡船), a ferry boat.

The function of the teacher is to act as an instructor, prompting the children in the first reading of their lessons and afterward hearing them "back" the same; and for the rest of the day he has only to act as a sentinel and keep good watch over his charge. His authority is kingly, fatherly, and military; kingly, for he is the "literary pharaoh" of his petty intellectual kingdom; fatherly, because he does "his duty by their parents;" and military, because he sometimes declares a sort of martial law. He is given unlimited power and control over the pupils. Punishments are often and severely inflicted. Neglect in arriving punctually, or in acquiring his lesson in a given time, together with any kind of misbehavior, renders the pupil liable to punishment by reproof, chastisement, or expulsion. The frequency and severity of punishment depend upon the disposition or character of the master and the student. Great severity is highly esteemed by parents, who seem to fear only that their boys will not receive their full dues, for they look upon schools as "shops of morals." The ferule to the teacher is like the sceptre to a monarch, "the attribute to awe and majesty." This dreadful symbol of the teacher's authority is usually placed on the desk in front of the teacher. The application of the ferule is only made in case of flagrant offences, which consist in failures in committing lessons to memory and other breaches of discipline. The application in such cases continues until the palms are black and blue with wheals.

When the pupil tries in any way to escape the blows, the teacher is sure to recompense him with blows on his head, or when he is caught by the ear the master will place his little hand with its back against a corner of the table and apply his ferule until the pupil has wailed for mercy! In catching the pupil by seizing the ear sometimes the ear is actually pulled off. Knuckle-rapping on the head is the commonest of all punishments when the pupil mispronounces a word! Sometimes the delinquent student is made to kneel on stools, on the cross bars of stools inverted, and oash-boards with deeply grooved surfaces! In some cases as a pupil undergoes a punishment, he at the same time undergoes a process of gymnastic exercises, such is the case when he is compelled to kneel over a large square of bean-curd, a hen, a toad, a Chinese paper lantern. The breaking of the bean-curd, the cluck of the hen, the croaking of the toad, or the collapse of the lantern renders the student highly liable to more severe punishment or expulsion on account of his unsteadiness. In truth the teacher pursues the course of Iohabod Crane, whose motto was "Spare the rod, spoil the child," and at other times he follows the steps of that ruffian, Wackford Squeers, whose tuition included beating, drudging, and starvation. The Chinese master does not always practise so much starvation as Wackford Squeers, but he does when detention takes place. This detention does not simply mean the taking away of the privilege of playing, but it means the deprivation of the privileges of playing and of dining. It is thought that that course of treatment will enlighten the child's intellect.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE SENIOR OR ELDER STUDENTS.

It is strange to find that in Chinese schools a sort of rudimentary system of monitorial discipline prevails more or less. The senior students are clothed with authority by the teacher, in whose absence one of them is the acting master, and forms a sort of court of appeals. It is not uncommon to hear them style themselves "officials of the school" and "captains" in their petty wars against their fellow-creatures. Such a system has been and is liable to the grossest abuse. Let me mention some abuses that have arisen. In elevating the senior boys and giving them control over the junior boys the master naturally makes the young students subordinate. Students of the lower classes are bound to do personal service to one of the seniors who has wrought his way to preeminence or has become the cook of his walk. A system of "fagging" is imperfectly developed. Those little trohins have to run errands for the senior, to bring water and prepare ink for him when he writes. They supply his wants with their pocket money, either given by, or stolen from, their parents. Of course he does not ask them openly, but he uses all sorts of tricks. I will mention some of the ways with which he extorts the money by way of tribute. He sometimes acts as a retail dealer; he sells school room requirements—pens, ink, paper, and edibles. Every student is forced to buy from him; thus he gains his profit by charging them ten or twenty times their value. There is yet another means which is often resorted to. It is like this: He sometimes assumes to himself the dignity of a monarch, giving away

the so-called offices to the highest bidders. The offices are not permanent, and "officers" are often cashiered. Every dismissal from office gives him income. Should any lad fail to "tip" him, he is to suffer bullying, consisting of beating, kicking, cuffing, pinching, nipping, and bobbing, besides boycotting. The teacher is never appealed to, for this would only make the thing much worse. Thus is developed a licensed tyranny, and gradually the shop of morals passes into the school of vice and tortures. We will consider

II. THE EFFECTS.

Under such an administration as I have shown you, the lad suffers in three ways—bodily, mentally, and morally. The bodily effects we must overlook at present and consider more fully the mental and moral effects.

a. *Mental Effects.*—That the Chinese labour under great disadvantages in consequence of the peculiar nature of the written language and the way of teaching, is obvious to every one. One result of the peculiar nature of the written language is the neglect of early education. No book can be read and understood till the forms and significations of several hundred characters have been committed to memory. I think probably this is why we Chinese defer the commencement of our education till the child is seven or eight years of age. The task of learning by heart to recognise unknown characters to which no meaning is attached, can neither furnish the mind with variety in its employments nor amusement in its effort, for the information which the child strongly craves, must be deferred till all mental faculties have acquired more strength and firmness. In consequence of this,

the lad not only fails to obtain mental cultivation, but grows up in idleness and keeps bad company. Thus the mind is filled with evil before any regular effort is made to furnish it with its proper aliment, the wholesome nourishment of useful knowledge.

Mental inactivity is encouraged by this way of teaching; when the time at length arrives, at which it is considered proper for the child to begin to read, he still lacks any real incentive to make any exertion on account of the character of the literature he is forced to read. There is no doubt that the mass of young Chinese minds are much warped and stunted in their growth. Thus we may reasonably account for the unchangeableness of Chinese thought, want of invention and improvement. Another defect of the Chinese method of teaching lies in overtaxing the young mind in memorizing classics without giving them mental recreation.

"And the bright morning of life, for years of misspent time,

Wasted in following sounds, hath tracked up little sense,

Till at noon a man is thrown upon the world, with a mind expert in trifles,

Having yet everything to learn that can make him good or useful:

The curious spirit of youth is crammed with unwholesome garbage,

While starving for the mother's milk the breasts of nature yield."

Imperfect sleep is the result of retiring late and getting up early in the morning. Ghastly fears become the lad's night companions. Cases are known when these little lads cry out in their sleep with fear, and occupy their minds by repeating what they have studied in the day. They do not by any means enjoy "the honey heavy dew of slumber." Such a system of pouring knowledge into the "mental

storehouse, fill the mind with accumulated ignorance and blunders of ages without any effort at production, and every generation becomes less and less capable of distinguishing the original fact and the ancestral rubbish."

As to heredity, it will be idle to deny the following fact, which is palpable to every one. The condition of mind is reproduced in the children, just as we inherit family traits.

Every generation adds more ignorance to the ancestral funeral-pile.

b. Moral Effects.—As a school is an institution of morals we cannot but notice here the formation of the pupils' moral character. First of all, a few words about the characteristics of the little urchins. They are quick in observation, their ears are greedy of knowledge, and their brains are plastic and as soft as wax, ever ready to receive the slightest impression; and their chameleon-like nature takes its colours from the surrounding objects. Their environment shapes their character. What are the natural effects produced by the grave tutorial carriage, which is but the stern front of tyranny, the dreadfulness of that "inanimate disciplinarian," and the horrible bullying and the licensed tyranny of the elder students? In the first place, the pupil is inspired with fear and terror. These become spots, as it were, on the very sunshine of their life as they sorely travail at their tasks. Childish griefs and disappointments bow down their childish minds, sorrow sits upon their pillow, and terror wakes them betimes, in dread of the master's strict hand of justice and the senior students' cowardly and cruel iniquity. Their hearts ache

with anxiety and the sprouting buds of sensibility are bruised by the harshness of the school.

But fear and terror beget deceit to avoid punishment and the blunting of the sense of honesty, and saps moral courage and self-reliance. It is not uncommon to see a pupil, who has not learned his task, asking his fellow-students to make a wild howl or to interrupt the teacher by asking for an explanation of a phrase, or to allow him to read from a book purposely placed on a neighbouring table while he is reciting his lessons. Again we find sometimes students hiding away the ferule, or at other times one or several of the students prepare a liquid mixture of vinegar, ginger, onion, and water-chestnut, and wets the ferule overnight. They think this "Chemical or magical compound," as they call it, will alter the nature of the ferule and render it brittle, so when it is applied the ferule will break in two, one-half will fly back against the teacher's face while the other is still held in his hand. There is yet another way to get rid of the ferule. A student very often plays truant by informing his parents that it is a holiday, or pretending that he is unwell on account of headache, or stomachache, or by asking leave of absence from the teacher, saying that he is going to visit such and such a one, or to attend his cousin's wedding. Bribes, secured by theft, are offered to the senior students in order to shield the unfortunate one from the anger of "his seniority." Moral courage is undeveloped. No one dares to defy the unreasonable demands, or to expose the evils to the master; lest the vicious code of so-called honour be against him. A typical Chinese school is no "shop of morals," but a crowded

attic and filthy alley of vice, and we have come to realize that there is no power in man that is able to make a child honest who has spent his earliest years in a school of vice.

III. THE TRUE MEANING AND AIM OF EDUCATION.

Having touched upon the principal points of the administration of a Chinese school, we will now be able to see how the Chinese education has been directed into improper channels and diverted from its course in the light of the true meaning and aim of education which I will briefly put before you. Prof. Butler, of Columbia University, has taken this to mean "a gradual adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race." He looks upon these possessions in five aspects. He says: "The child is entitled to his scientific inheritance, to his literary inheritance, to his æsthetic inheritance, to his institutional inheritance, and to his religious inheritance. Without them he cannot become a truly educated or cultivated man."

Our primary aim of scientific inheritance is to awaken and stimulate the innate principle of life slumbering within, so that it may become united with nature. But the Chinese education pursues the opposite course; the inner life is never allowed to predominate, and unity is made subservient to diversity.

By the literary inheritance, it is meant that the study of literature should be encouraged in every educational system, that the human mind may be equipped and enriched, and the human heart touched and refined. The Chinese education seems to supply this; and yet, after all, it misleads the child in many respects. Yes, the Chinese education

gives some power of appreciating the greatness of the authors, some understanding of their meaning and aim, or at least some power of discriminating between good and bad literature. But this is not sufficient.

"The third element in education," to use the language of Prof. Butler, "is the æsthetic inheritance, that feeling for the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime that has always been so great a part of human life, that contributes so much to human pleasure, and accentuates so much human pain and suffering." Art has not crept into the Chinese school room. No instruction in colour, in expression, and in form has been given. The art of writing alone consisting of tracing the so-called "Red Characters" in black to satisfy the child's æsthetic taste.

The fourth inheritance, that is, the institutional, brings us to regard each individual as a complementary part of a larger whole. The same education teaches us to be subordinate to a larger unit, teaches us self-sacrifice, mutual responsibility, duty, and the necessity for co-operation in the working out of high ideals. Last of all is the element of the religious inheritance, and it is undeniably of great importance. The preponderant and paramount influence of religion upon the young boy in shaping his character, is very marked, for the normal action of religion is to help one to be himself; and one function of education is "the presentation of individual life." Religion, as it has been said, is aiming at the armament of the executive within a man, to set up unimpaired the dominion of the enlightened will over the component parts and passions of his composite being. The Chinese educa-

tion is deficient in this, though we often come across the words Shang-ti and Heaven. But what a vague idea! With great insight Solomon says: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; and the knowledge of the Holy One is understanding. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

IV. CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The Chinese educational system shows plainly why China is a "Sleepy Hollow," and that witching influence is no other than the accumulated ignorance of ages. Chinese education in no way actualizes the capacities of the soul, nor gives the student understanding of his personal responsibility for the condition or policy of his country. The grand aim of Chinese education is to make coxcombs, by giving a modicum of knowledge and producing mental suicide. Chinese studies are carried on in an entirely routine character. If we consider education in all its true bearings, in its greatest latitude, we cannot doubt that it has become the question of questions, and in which, in a degree, all other questions are connected, a point to which all the various difficult problems in politics, morals, and science converge; the means by which all the future triumphs of civilization over barbarism will be effected, and harmony of rational liber-

alism and enlightened liberty established, conjoined with a government at once strong, just, and paternal. We may further state that religion, morals, liberty, amelioration of the social state, peace, war, vice, virtue, innocence, guilt,—all these great conditions depend on a right education! Education, in short, extends to us an offer to prove itself the elixir of moral life and the panacea of all evil.

It is with great regret that we find among the peace conditions no single word in regard to the introduction of enlightened education into China.

To compel China to abide by treaties and to punish her for violation of treaties may be important, but in the end what will this policy of compulsion amount to? Unless the heart and the mind of the people are transformed, but little good can result from the humiliation of China.

If the Western powers would only realize that ignorance is the cause of all the disorder in China and insist on the establishment of schools and colleges all over the empire, they would accomplish far more than by military expeditions, beheading of officials, and the establishment of garrisons.

Let them assist in introducing real education into China in the place of the present cruel system, and they will be benefiting China itself as well as removing the cause which leads to anti-foreign outbreaks.—JUMING C. SUZZ, in the "St. John's Echo."



A NIGHT IN A CHINESE HOTEL.

(Written expressly for the "Shanghai Mercury.")

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"—
Shakespeare.

"The world's an inn, and death the journey's
end."—Dryden.

"When you've passed the inn, it is hard to
find a place to pass the night."—Chinese
proverb.

We are nearing the city. Its walls are in sight. In case there is no favourite house known to us by experience, we "telegraph" ahead by means of our "boy" who dismounts a little earlier than we do and enters the streets to inspect the best rooms in the first-class hotels. Perhaps some official is already in possession of all the decent accommodation, in which event we may pass the night in some shed or even in the cart in which we were jolted by day.

As our cart begins to pass by the various inns we with difficulty escape the attentions of the hotel runners, who are lying in wait and seize the leader mule's head and nearly succeed in diverting our course into the particular, hostelry they represent.

Our "boy," however, has made his selection, and is on the lookout for us. We drive into the "Everlasting Prosperity House." We descend into the inn-yard in which several mules are relieving their feelings after the road by a good roll.

The landlord or "master of the chest" appears. "This way, your Honour, this is the room." An inn-hand is just turning some sheep out of it. You stand aghast at the absence of a door, and the paperless windows, which cats, weather, and curious spectators have rendered like the Victory's topsails after Trafalgar. But Boniface cheerily assures you he will hunt you up a door and perhaps re-paper the windows. The door to close the yawning gap having been found, you observe that the two leaves fail to recognise each other and never having been in each other's company before they make but an ineffectual attempt to come to close quarters. You feel for the bar which is to lock them during the night, but the landlord says something about a carter who stole it the other day to mend his harness. On going to bed in order to keep out dogs a bench is propped against the opening. When you enter the dust of the hurried sweepings in expectation of your arrival have scarcely yet subsided. A rickety table on which you may write an essay on cleanliness with your thumbnail, a locomotor-ataxy stool, a lamp in a hole in the wall, not designed by the builders, the hole and the lamp as greasy as if the oil had struck them, and the usual brick bed as big as that

of Og, king of Bashan, stretching across the whole width of the room, these complete the list of furniture.

You take a look out into the yard where several Chinese are squatting beside basins of hot water. They are refreshing themselves by dipping their dirty "general purpose" rags into the water and applying them with deliberation to their faces. All around are sheds and troughs for the mules and donkeys of travellers. That horse still saddled must belong to one of the official's people. May be there are also carts loaded with fat bales of cotton or bamboo goods, and wheelbarrows with coal or crockery. Here come the pedlars at a swinging trot with their boxes balanced at the ends of a pole. One of them opens his box to take stock and we see what he has been selling to the good wives of the villages, foreign cloth, needles made in Germany, thread made in Scotland, and in general the finery which Chinese women require.

But what is that click-clack which has been going on in front ever since we came? That is the sound of the wooden bellows as it is handled by an assistant warming water for the guests, or it may be something stronger. Close to the furnaces is the landlord's "Chest-Room." This chest is his safe. A peep into his den will not be regarded as rude. The safe is merely a wooden box with a very rude pad-lock, but as the native proverb says, a lock merely is for warning the gentleman, not guarding against the thief, for the theory is that the gentleman has a right to open anything *without* a visible lock. But in case any who are not gentlemen should come that way a hot reception

is prepared for them, for there are spears in the corner and an ancient sword upon the wall. Alongside is pasted a picture of the late war with Japan in which that luckless country is represented as being utterly routed by the Chinese braves. A few extra quilts are rolled up in a corner which guests may hire if they so desire, but beds are always furnished bare. On a shelf are the old account books.

The arrival of so many guests at the "Everlasting Prosperity House" will soon attract the peripatetic peanut vendor into the yard. With his basket and movable stand and little lantern perched on the side he parades the streets and other haunts of men crying his wares. Very probably also as the shades of night are falling other callers will announce their presence by strumming on some wretched apology for a musical instrument. These are the courtesans which infest the much-travelled roads of China.

In the room next you must be an opium-smoker indulging his craving, for the sickening fumes, once recognised never forgotten, are coming through the partitions; or, possibly, the guests next door are drinking wine with some of the women and the shouts wax fast and furious.

While we are waiting for the water to boil in the landlord's pots we have an opportunity of observing how previous occupants of this room have sought to relieve the tedium of delay. The walls displayed a large number of inscriptions written by previous guests. A scholar on his way to Peking for examination had left his thoughts in the following form :—

From afar I have come through provinces five
 On my way to Peking for honors to strive.
 Ye Powers Supernatural! be pleased to protect,
 In writing my essay vouchsafe to direct!
 In the Hall of the Phoenix a Number One shew,
 Then the truth of your claims the whole world
 will know!

Another disgusted with the quality
 of some of the poetry had expressed
 himself thus:—

The door I enter: on the wall
 I see the scrawls of poetasters.
 Good taste these versicles appal;
 Are ye of literature the masters?
 Come now, the truth should be confessed
 Such learning should not hidden be,
 If of such talent you're possessed
 Why have n't you got a LL.D.!

The writer of this verse portrays the
 woes of detention in an inn.

When Nature's nobleman a-travelling goes,
 Ill-fated he, if rain continues him o'ertake.
 His empty wallet aggravates his woes!
 Though thrice he bawls for grub no answer gets,
 His penury the greedy landlord knows.
 Beleaguered in O.F. alas! my fate!

Some supposed injustice at the
 hands of the landlord provoked the
 following:—

The guest's a tiger fierce, the inn's a mountain
 range,
 Within its ravines deep he often makes his lair,
 If aught of ill him hurt, in sooth it is not strange
 To his old haunts again he never will repair.

But supper is announced. We had
 taken our own tea-leaves knowing the
 vile stuff furnished in such establish-
 ments. The efforts of the shopman
 have been ably seconded by our "boy,"
 and the meal is the result of their
 united skill. After the meal is over the
 evening will pass rapidly in conversing
 with a constant stream of callers.
 Amid the blackness of darkness which
 lowers down at you from the four walls,
 your joy will be full if some particularly
 hopeful one stays so long as to require

you to open the door and bawl for the
 landlord to come and refill the lamp
 which is going out.

After all have gone and worship is
 over we must pay our bill lest that
 operation should delay us in the morn-
 ing. Woe betide us if we inadvertently
 display our ignorance of the proper
 charges, for in that case the temptation
 to speculate on futures is too strong for
 the Celestial. "How much is the bill
 for the food?" "320 cash." "How
 much for the room?" "One hundred,
 your honor." "Nonsense! I have
 travelled a great deal and the charge
 is only fifty." "Well, well, we will
 not quarrel about that. Only your
 honor will give some watermoney to
 the hostlers and waiters." "O certainly,
 they have been very attentive."

Your bedding having been put in
 position you crawl in and seek repose,
 but before you find it you will hear the
 street watchman's *dong* striking the
 number of the watch or hear the patrols
 firing off guns if there has been any
 recent robbery. Perhaps your mind
 will be taken up with other thoughts
 such as once prompted a scribe to write
 this verse on the walls next day:—

Within this room you'll find the rats
 At least a goodly store,
 Three catties each they're bound to weigh
 Or e'en a little more;
 At night you'll find a myriad bugs
 That stink and crawl and bite.
 If doubtful of the truth of this
 Get up and strike a light!

Some of your neighbors may wake at
 midnight feeling cold, for few carry
 sufficient bed-clothing. He will hunt
 up some straw and light a fire on the
 floor. The heat warms his shins while
 the smoke in great measure finds its
 way through the innumerable crannies
 into your room. While the smoke is

filling up the regions above the full results of his efforts are not seen, until it finally reaches the level of the nostrils, when you may be thankful if the vicarious oburgations of your "boy" frustrate your neighbor's attempt to suffocate you. Or, you may wake up to hear the donkeys in the yard compare notes. As George Eliot said of the voice of the Rev. Amos Barton: "It was like the sound of a Belgian railway horn: praiseworthy intentions inadequately fulfilled." The opening note is good, like a dinner horn. Next comes an amateur filing a rusty bucksaw, then a most distressing asthmatic gasping, then a grand finale of intense mournfulness and disappointment that his throat is not a mile long

so that he may give adequate expression to all that is inside him.

If you are awake at three you will almost certainly hear the rap-a-tap-tap of the flour sifter in some adjacent house. At four you will hear some one striking a light on his flint, not to look at his watch but to have a smoke, or enquiring how many times has the cock crowed. At five the schoolboys in the adjoining yard are already shouting their lessons at the top of their voices which are now quite fresh. The carters have fed their animals betimes and are off before you are out. But even our carter rouses us in time to load up and be off before dawn; for breakfast we must wait till the next stopping-place.



EXPRESS TO CHUNGKING IN A HOUSEBOAT.

That is not the usual way of expressing it I am aware. First the houseboat is spoken of as a junk, with an emphasis of contempt on the monosyllable, and in the second place the pace of the junk is the exact contrary of our notion of an express.

But suppose we take the tip-tilted pug-nosed creation of the Szchuan boat builder as an honest attempt to solve the question of comfort and safety in long water journeys from the lower Yangtze to the limits of its navigation westward, we shall see not merely the repulsive clumsiness of the craft but an arrangement having three or four decent sized rooms one behind the other, high enough to stand in, wide enough for a table and bed with a surplus for locomotion of a restricted character, and glass windows on either side, for ventilation and vision.

To be sure the boat has cracks and crevices enough in a hundred different places to secure a sufficient circulation of even the ponderous atmosphere of Szchuan, and the windows have an ill fitting habit that reminds one of a small hard foreign hat on the capacious unyielding head of the ordinary Japanese. But when all is said in depreciation and explanation, the old junk is a houseboat from the flower pots in the front cabin to the store in

the back room, and the fact that it and its crew from main truck to keelson, from the blear-eyed cook to the doddering opium soaked captain—the whole “jimbang” is yours and yours alone, for the special purpose of making the journey from Ichang to the west, demonstrates it as an express concern in a very limited sense, hence the caption of this article—express to Chungking in a houseboat!

There were two of us. He—otherwise R.—was on a little journey of observation to that reputed “el dorado” Szchuan, backed by a strong desire to stand above the grave of the ill-fated Suishiang which sunk in a hundred and forty feet of brown Yangtze water at the foot of Kungling rapid last December, in which he had a special personal interest.

I, or U. if it please you, was to fill the place of the “talk pidgin man,” to be as the Chinese aptly call a telephone—“speak words machine”—not alone to speak words but to pass them along for such as care for this baffling yet attractive west as seen in these desultory notes.

At Shanghai R. had the benefit of some old traveller's experience in the compilation of his outfit, with the result that he turned up loaded like a

Tibetan tourist. It is noticeably the case in that unhappy land where transport is difficult and distances enormous that every traveller encumbers himself with the commissariat outfit of a regiment for which he suffers in both mind and pocket, with the result that his pathway is strewn with the wreckage of fair hopes and tinned goods.

R. came heavily laden with luxuries and minus some very needful articles. The Shanghai firm who supplied the goods very good naturedly put a selection of needful articles in separate boxes so as to obviate the necessity of opening every box in order to get suitable things. Alas! the result. What individual is able rightly to choose and having chosen still more difficult is it to apportion another man's things. More success would attend the effort of a man in the selection of headgear for a lady!

In this case the packers had the greatest possible success in putting two things into three distinct boxes. For instance, box number one, arranged for an emergency, seemed to contain everything, but closer analysis revealed the fatal lack of salt and matches. Number two had no sugar and so on, while the voyage was to be kept merry on one bottle of claret and a similar quantity of hock. Such a provision is as far from being hilarious as it is from being ideally teetotal.

And to crown it all some one said, "Don't take any jam, marmalade is better and healthier"! Think of marmalade pancakes! Excellent "chow" for an ostrich, but slightly disgusting to the present travellers. Any way in future we intend to take jam always, and some of the humble but handy golden syrup. As to the houseboat—

"concrete discomfort and disorder"—so at least was the verdict of a lady new to life at an outport, yet, pardon madam, our old tub might be much worse. Shallow boxes to nail on the cabin sides for the smaller fry of indispensable utensils, a careful hanging up of superfluous doors to act as bookshelves, two or three portable wind proof lamps and plenty of literature—supplied with this and a decent digestion both mental and physical—the former for travellers' yarns the latter for Chinese mutton, and there really isn't much difference between the Thames and the Yangtze—what there is may easily be given to the latter with advantage. The Thames is cosy, calm and cousinly; the Yangtze is wide, wild and wilful—happy is he who finds it in its quieter moods.

Everybody knows that from Ichang to Kueifu there is a succession of gorges that for grandeur and gloom cannot be equalled on any other navigable river in the world.

But everybody doesn't know the pleasure there is to be found in little side trips to be taken in the tender (wu-pan) that for a few taels extra may be hired to escort the houseboat through the length of the gorges.

The larger boat is tied by its tow rope to the shore practically, and hugs the edge of the river all the way, hence the greater danger and deliberation of the ascent.

The little boat with a picked hardy crew, a couple of whom array themselves in modest sunshine and abundant smiles ready for all emergencies, relies on her oars and poles and so is free for any adventure. Here she backs up in a laughing eddy under the lee of a

projecting rock, there she dashes out into the boiling current and is carried slantwise athwart the flood and brings up in slack water on the farther side. Poles are whipped out to fend her off the rock, hooks are slipped into convenient crannies on the water-worn surface of the veteran which has borne the onslaught of ages of flooded river and its swirling madness, and finally one is able to land and scale the heights of the rocky island, now the home of the cormorant and the kite, to be four months later submerged by the flood, the spectre of navigators and destroyer of incapable craft. Long, fluted, water-worn columns—organ-pipes for the flood's deep voice—reach down into the stream, deep, pebble-drilled holes scar the face of the rock and hold imprisoned tiny pools that mirror back the blue vault above us.

In such surroundings what an atom one is in comparison to the bulk of the hills about him, and as to time he is but the veriest flicker as compared with the ages writ large on the face of every rock.

From such thoughts one is roused by the intrusion of the curious Chinaman who comes to inquire the cause of the persistent down river wind and why it does not rain. "Is it true?" he says "that you foreigners have brought up the wind so that you make it blow the wrong way, and the rain so that it cannot fall, and the sun to dry up our crops?"

Being gently reminded of the flaw in his reasoning, that if we controlled the wind it is likely we should order an up current to be turned on for our personal convenience just now, he retires quite unabashed and no less

unconvinced, mumbling "It is difficult to say anything about foreigners" and so saves his ill-looking face before the crowd of the unwashed that is gathering impressions and cash as fast as possible from the uncanny foreigner.

As the boat gets under way again and we discover that in our good-natured, grease-covered cook in the galley of the boat, we have a philosopher.

"Ah! talking of wind," he says in a general and impersonal way, but evidently for the benefit of the young boat owner, who is making his maiden journey with us, "you should do as a certain other boatman did. At Feng-tu he burnt cash paper and incense to the gods and lo! he had a fair wind going up and a fair wind going down, ai yah! but that was very wonderful and convenient." Now Feng-tu is renowned as the home of the devil and the mouth of hades, hence it would seem that the wind is controlled not by a foreign devil as report says, but by one very much native to China if all signs do not fail.

And not the winds alone, as witness the waste of black, loud-mouthed gunpowder when "his excellency" a big Mandarin from Kueichow was bound down the great rapid. Each boat fired its volley into both air and water, intending to intimidate the devils that lurk beneath the leaping water ready to capsize the shaky old boats, unless a passage is secured at the expense of much gunpowder, smoke and noise.

To me the rapids seemed formidable enough to justify such exertion on the part of the Chinese, but R., who is a practical man, pooh-poohs my fears and says the rapids of the Yangtze

have been much over-estimated and over-drawn.

How glad I am now that I have never said the rapids were more than twenty feet high and quite unfit for navigation. It appears that the sapient and persistent writers of books and articles on this fruitful theme, must either have drawn upon their imaginations or seen the river in some of its tantrums. Yet this is said to be the worst year for the past forty of them. What then shall we say? Just this, that I who am not a practical man and can only record the sum of my impressions and experience—I am perfectly satisfied with the amount of expense, anxiety and delay already borne at said rapids (this is the eighth time of ascent) that I shall be ready to welcome in no ordinary way the man who overcomes the difficulties we now meet and gives us reasonable facilities for avoiding the unpleasant features that become more irritating the oftener one encounters them. We'll put that man's name and exploits in large letters on a stone tablet and set it in triumph above the conquered rapid. Meanwhile we mourn the Pioneer in its degenerate state as a barnacle depository at Chungking and the Suishiang a nest for fishes below the Kungling rapid.

To-day it is raining hard, oh! so hard; the gloomy sky and cold-gray atmosphere seem to get far too near one with only their crack-adorned leaking boat-boards between us and the outside. It would be nice to have your houseboat felt-lined on such days.

The farmers want rain, have wanted it for long waiting months they say, and I suppose they are to-day nestling over a tiny bit of charcoal fire in the little

brown thatched huts that hug the mountain sides as if they had grown there, thanking the last mud idol which they "chin-chinned" for rain, or contenting themselves with vague platitudes on the good nature of "the Heavenly mandarin" who has sent the rain they so much need. All this of course without any reference to our condition tied here beside a wet sand bank. R. is in bed to keep himself warm (who was it said the temperature never fell below 90 deg. in Szechuan at this season of the year? Veracious testimony, it is now about 60 deg.) and the huddling trackers are shivering beneath their insufficient shelter outside. No money for gambling and little tobacco left, even their usual voluble gossip about everyone they have ever travelled with is still. One reason anyhow to bless the pattering rain.

Yesterday we came up the new rapid — Shin-lung-tan — formed five years ago and ever since the terror of all low-water travellers.

Much was said to us in warning of the "bitterness of the water" at the Shin-lung before we reached it, but to me it seemed less difficult than it was the first season of its existence, when we lay two days and nights awaiting our turn to get up.

This time, however, there was a good breeze in our favor so were able to sail up past the tiers of waiting cargo junks and take our place at the head of the procession. Three hours in all saw us through the rapid, goods reloaded on the boat, and we all sailing away before a sound favouring breeze.

During the time we spent at the rapid, sitting in the sun, watching the nude fisher folk, or acting policeman on the small fry who gave voice to

what their more prudent elders were doubtless thinking, in calling us "foreign devil" or the equally detestable "foreign dog": we were attracted only to be repelled by a group of ancient dames sitting in the sunlight in the lee of a convenient rock.

There were perhaps half-a-dozen of them sitting "en queue" each rummaging in the other's hair and with great success obviously, keeping up the while a vigorous current of such gossip as village dames most do love. A suggestive scene, eloquent of some Chinese characteristics, of none more than the happy, careless method in which they so often contrive to blend profit and pleasure, and extract a fig of comfort from the thorn of a great inconvenience.

Wanshien, the first town of a representative character one meets in Szechuan so far, lay attractive and picturesque in the light of a spring morning when our houseboat pulled up alongside the sand-spit beneath the wall of the town. The washing brigade was out in force on the river's edge, washing every conceivable Chinese garment in a truly Chinese way. The soiled linen was first soaked and trailed about in the sandy water and then laid on a convenient stone and soundly walloped with a bludgeon of adult proportions, till it seemed that every fibre of the much-abused garments must inevitably go to pieces; but, Chinese like, they seemed to stand it bravely; only let our more expensive underwear fall into the same hands for the same treatment and the result is pitiable.

Wanshien lies on two low hills divided by a torrent, that is to say it is a torrent when it is anything; just now it is

dry, and far up the torrent, say a quarter of a mile from the big river, the Chinese have built a little camel backed bridge and on it have put a house, thus making it the resort of loafers and gamblers in both sun and rain. They built a bridge for convenience of communication between the two arms of their city and then proceeded to make the best of all facilities, here in China, namely shelter, for obstructing the passage way.

When the torrent is in flood and one wishes to get from east to west he has either to go round by the bridge and waste both time and energy in the process, or he must ant-like crawl down one edge of the gully and up the other, in which case he wastes not only time and energy but temper too.

A suspension bridge thrown from the top of one bluff to that of the other would save all three and confer other benefits besides. Every griffin asks "But why don't they do it?" and only echo answers. It is not long till one makes the discovery personally that the Chinese are too lazy to take the trouble involved in any change.

Change involves trouble, progress means work; more work and trouble than ordinarily are needed to initiate and carry improvements to a successful issue. This extra trouble every Chinaman is inherently bound to resist. So they plod on enduringly, going round a rock rather than remove it, climbing down into a gully and climbing out again rather than bridge it, continuing in civil and military administration and education to follow out worn and effete systems, because all are too lazy to expend their energy in learning and introducing a new and practical order of things.

In denial of this, the unfailing and proverbial industry of the Chinese will be adduced and I shall be decried as worse than a griffin in saying it. But long ago we learned by laborious method in imitating the caligraphy of our teachers that "Lazy people take the most pains," an aphorism so persistently proved by the action of the Chinese in common life that for one I cannot sneer at copy-book morality.

But moralising apart, Wanshien does occupy an inviting position, being surrounded by gentle hills and buttressed by crags that might be made a fort of defence in case of need. Far up on one of the highest points indeed there already is a city of refuge built as a point of rendezvous when things in Szechuan were less peaceful than they now are. On a commanding shelf of rock, that can be easily defended, a small city has been built and there the terror-stricken people fled whenever robbers or rebels have devastated the lower country; and when peace returned to the fields and homesteads the people came back with it.

Coming recently from the bare, brown, dusty north county round Peking, how rich and wanton all this western county looks. The peas and poppies are abloom in the fields, the trees are vivid and copious in their new spring colours while the marvellous variety of scene is a constant feast.

This morning we are scudding along before a healthy wind. Yesterday it was otherwise. Then we tracked slowly on against a mischievous wind that blew away even the good temper and easy bonhomie of the Szechuen boat-tracker.

Now the crew is squatting on the fore deck in every attitude of easy in-

difference and all stages of undress, spinning yarns, swapping small possessions, and working off their superfluous spirits upon any unlucky wights who chance to draw their ready attention to themselves.

"Thou ill-begotten one, offspring of the tortoise, whence came such a boat as you are pulling there?" shouted the vinegar-lipped "handler of the rope" from his watch-lodge on the cabin roof. The reason for such an urgent inquiry arose from an unlucky stroke of the small boat in stopping our way. Once commenced, the whole crew turned upon the helpless old man in the little boat and made "confusion worse confounded" in every way.

A chorus of yells and inquiries was hurled at him, iniquities were invoked upon his unoffending female relatives both near and far, his near connection with a dog was explicitly stated, and much advice was proffered as to the disposal of his boat and his carcass.

Goaded into reply the old man hurled back something of the filth that had been so plenteously emptied on himself. This was maddening. The crew went wild. Everyone roared something worse than his neighbour; insulting gestures were employed to supplement the inadequate words and finally the old man was invited to go ashore to have his head smashed and his body dishonoured—and then having exhausted themselves, the crew fell back in one comprehensive laugh, showing it to have been chaff of words with no grain of intent.

It bears a striking resemblance, amounting to a family likeness, to the situation at Peking! Empty chaff of an unmeaning policy!

Of course all houseboat travel has its drawbacks. Ours was no exception.

We were just emerging from the bliss of a late breakfast when a commotion occurred. Why so many commotions happened to occur when we were at meals and specially desired a little quiet was more than we could account for, but so it was.

In this particular instance we were rounding an extremely nasty corner, and had the trackers away in front pulling from a sand bank against which the river struck with great force and then rebounded violently on to the point of rocks causing a rapid and whirlpools of some magnitude. The boat did an amount of rocking that upset our kitchen arrangements wofully, but we appeared to be out of the worst of it when suddenly a huge whirlpool swirled up on the inside of our course and struck us on the side to which the tow-rope was attached and which was in consequence the lower side of the boat.

In an instant a swirling mass of muddy water leapt aboard and thrust itself rudely into the front cabin, the boat rolled heavily over and sent every movable article flying so that all buoyant things were soon afloat on the aggressive flood. It was a ticklish moment, as if more water had come aboard we might have keeled quite over into the angry waters. No wonder the Chinese say a dragon-devil lives in the whirlpools, it looked that way just then—but in this case the dragon was a mild one; he righted the

boat with his tail on the hither edge of the whirlpool and we got up safely without further damage, than wetting a few books and some sundry breakages in the kitchen.

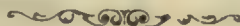
Now, it so fell out that R. with nautical instinct had brought along several life-belts of an approved pattern and stowed them aft over the rudder. When the crash of kitchen utensils alarmed the cook and the boy, as the table hit the stove in the face and the kettle proved its mettle on the curry bottle and so on, both the fellows extricated themselves from the confusion and rushed aft each on a like errand, so that when the boat pulled up beside the sand bank they appeared, hurried and scared, each with a life-belt in his hand, prepared for all emergencies.

Two hours after this, with a fair wind behind us and a misty but hot sun over us, we ran into full view of Chungking; the trackers chin-chinned their favourite joss, the boatman called attention to the fact that we had beaten our fellow-travellers by fifty yards and based thereon a plea for "just a little more wine money" over which they made merry when the old houseboat tied up between the Pioneer on one side and the Chungking Trading Co.'s fine premises on the other.

So ended in sunshine and twenty-two days one house-boat excursion to Chungking—now for a sedan chair and Chinese inns to Chentu.

The way lies westward yet.

"U."



THE WITCHING HOUSE-BOAT.

The "run-letter-man," so called because he walks to the P.O. at T— for our mail, had come in with news that a reinforcement from home would soon be there, and require an experienced escort inland. Accordingly one of the older missionaries is detailed for this pleasant duty. A messenger is at once despatched to the "horse-head" forty miles away to hire a boat. He is given general limitations as to price, style of boat, number of crew, etc. We must hire a special boat, as there are no regular passenger boats on this river, and no steamers. Until his return we speculate as to his probable success; perhaps the passing of some great man has absorbed all the boats, and then we must go overland! But in a few days the boy arrives a few hours in advance of the boat. He got off and came overland direct, leaving the boat to follow the slow windings of the stream. He tells us the arrangements. In addition to the price, they are to tie up on Sundays, for which delay we are to pay one string of cash. The boat, shortly after, moors at the landing opposite our Mission Station. She is not the palatial affair which the globe-trotter has seen in Shanghai or Hongkong.

Preparations made for our cart journey must be supplemented by a stock of charcoal, for we are to cook our food in civilized fashion on a little native flower-pot. What a contrast to the filth and greasiness of the native inn! When all is ready, the anchor, which has been lying on the shore with one tooth fast in the ground, is hauled aboard. The cry is: Open boat! She had been moored, as is the custom, with her head facing up stream, and at once she swings round with the current. The sail is hoisted, its bamboo ribs rattling against the mast; the canvas bellies to the breeze, and soon the water gurgles merrily along our weather-beaten sides.

The tiller is "manned" by a woman, probably the wife of the captain. Her family are on board; the voices of the children are heard behind. Perhaps one of them is just over small-pox, but that should not interfere with patronage. Presently the captain emerges from some unknown corner, a grizzly, old, sun-burnt fellow, who has evidently seen much hardship. The boat has all winter been in the hands of the creditors, who will gobble up most of his fares this summer. Three others make up the number of the crew. Their

dress is suited to their work, and their queues are tightly wound around their heads, as men on land preparing to fight. At present they are having it easy; they merely stand by, ready to seize a pikepole or a rope according to emergency. From time to time one of the men scoops up water and pours it over the sides and deck, to prevent the sun from cracking her timbers. The discipline is worthy of a democratic country. The captain emphasises his orders by voice and repetition; the crew take the liberty of arguing the matter. But decisions are usually arrived at without the blows of a marline spike or rope-end.

We occupy the cabin in the middle. The crew sleep either on the forward deck or in the fore-castle under it. The cap'n's folks have the poop, which is also the cooking galley. When the wind is astern we get the benefit of the smoke.

The craft going up stream were not so fortunate as we, with wind and stream both in our favour. Part of the crews were ashore tracking at the end of the long rope which was fastened to the top of the mast. Trees were surmounted either by throwing the rope over the trees or passing it round, while passing boats either went under the rope, or if that was impossible, the rope was dropped into the water and thus boats passed over it. Some boats heavily laden could make no headway, and so were tied to the bank, waiting a favourable change of weather. Their crews were mostly ashore doing odd jobs, such as splitting firewood or repairing a sail. Some big boats were occupied in taking on cargoes of wheat, which they expected to take down to the great sea-port to find a ready market.

Owing to the meanderings of the stream, a fair wind in one reach became a head wind in another. Sometimes our men placed two oars in position and sought to hasten our progress by rowing, facing the bow and standing to their work. The crews of the merchant-boats as they shoved on their poles sang a song to secure unison of effort, and their measured tramping along the sides of their boats soon became a familiar sound. As we swept along under some favourable gale a little shallop would sometimes attach itself to our side and offer provisions for sale without stopping our progress.

The boat is hidden between high flat banks all the way to T—. The scenery is therefore not one of the attractions of a trip like this. The missionary who is used to the jolting of carts feels the tremendous contrast most agreeably. Besides the boat is clean and quiet, giving opportunity to read or write as it speeds along. The excessive tedium of the journey up-stream of course greatly detracts from the pleasure of the voyage. But going down, each day nearer the great living world outside, this is really an experience to remember for many days. The forward deck not admitting of constitutionals, we go ashore daily for exercise, while the boat continues her voyage. The tall grey sails shew where the river runs. One day we thought to take a short cut ahead of the boat. We lost sight of her, and then saw in the distance what we took to be her sail. Judge of our chagrin on coming nearer to find that it was a priest's tomb. Meantime we had observed that a breeze was springing up and our boat would increase her pace.

After struggling through a field of sandy soil we were much relieved on reaching the bank to see our craft rounding the corner a little higher up. We went aboard wiser than when we went ashore. If the wind failed the crew whistled or uttered a peculiar halloo in order to coax it back.

Boats flying immense flags were frequently seen. Bold lettering on them announced the rank of the passengers. Our own little white flag at the stern bearing the letters "Jesus Hall," sufficed to let others know who we were. It helped us to get on without unnecessary delay, especially where the river was apt to be choked, e.g., at the Customs Barrier. Here a tall pole displayed a dirty yellow flag with big black letters. My card and passport were sent up and soon the thick hawser which stretched across the river dropped into the water and let us pass. A few cash rewarded the hungry-looking men who managed the windlass on the shore.

On the bank near L. is a temple to some river god which levies on all the passing boatmen. The priest was on the alert and presented the collection plate. He was not the only claimant for charity. If the god had been attending to business these others would not now be destitute. The river had made a great hole in the bank at high water, flooding several villages and destroying their crops. Women and children with emaciated faces fell on their knees and begged for a morsel, or followed whining along the bank, until a flying cash or piece of bread rewarded their persistence.

At L. C. we found that the Emperor's grain boats were all stuck in the Grand Canal which here enters

our river. If they dared to open the floodgate, all the water in that part of the Canal would run out and leave the boats on dry land, as our river was much lower than the Canal. The Chinese have never discovered the simple plan of locks to get from one level to another. Theatricals were held for days together in honor of the river god, in hopes that the river would rise, but in vain. Despairing of success, the crews began unloading the rice to the banks, and were going to hoist the boats across to the river and there reload. Usually speaking the cost of this transport is double the market value of the rice. This year it would be greatly enhanced. Although steamers could carry it much more cheaply by sea, the old plan is not abandoned, partly because of conservatism and partly because the service is a good thing for the host of officials who fatten at the Emperor's expense.

One evening as we were going rather late to make a point we noticed a lantern alight by the bank of the stream. It was not on a boat and not on the land. When we came near we saw that it was suspended over the body of a man. The body had floated down to this spot and some one, fearing to remove and bury it lest he might be involved, had half raised it out of the water and fastened it to two bamboo sticks, and above it hung a lighted lantern as a warning to passing boats. Two other floating bodies were passed on this voyage. Such things serve to remind you that you are still in China.

T—was reached in due course, our friends met another boat hired for their accommodation and—the return journey was accomplished without accident.

CANTON'S WATER COLONY.

When some one can spare time to learn more about the floating population here than appears on the surface, as good a story ought to be produced as has been written on tribal life in China. These people are born and pass their days on boats and are buried from them. They are not regarded by the Cantonese as belonging to this district. Their language, of course, resembles closely that spoken ashore, but it is so varied by a vernacular of their own as to claim classification as a dialect. There may be no written law that they shall not seek a shore habitation, but if there were, the most efficient policing could not secure a better observance of it than is had without the slightest apparent effort. The Cantonese look upon them as people entirely apart and different from themselves, who grew somewhere, drifted in and moored along the river bank, and who were from the beginning given to understand that they would be tolerated so long as they kept afloat. It is certainly not commonly known if known at all, how many centuries ago this occurred. From whatever time it dates, the land and water inhabitants have remained wholly distinct.

They do business together as foreigners might, and that is the extent of their relation. Such a thing as social interchange is never attempted. If a waterman may gather money and wish to settle down on land, he must go to another place to do it. He cannot buy or rent a house here or live ashore under any consideration. Probably such desire is rare, for the home instinct that the watermen have attaches to the boats; but it could not be indulged here were it to become common, and far from feeling degraded by their restriction to the water, these people consider themselves superior, and their life infinitely to be preferred to that of the shore population. There would be merit in this estimate if it were permitted to write of cleanly Chinese, for the boats do not look nearly as untidy as the houses.

The three families who have constituted what may be termed the Guide Trust of Canton since foreign sight-seers began to come here, are shore people and thus have no use for anything needing more than a tumbler to float in. But when it was suggested to Mr. Jem King that the Chamber of Horrors, the execution ground, the Examination Hall and the various

pagodas had become stale from over-guiding, and that after a weary day behind his tailless horses, the chair-bearers, visiting places that everybody else had seen, it would be a refreshing change to give the boat city closer inspection than could be had from the bank or the steamer's deck, he said he knew a friend, "all same my, no squeeze," whom he might persuade to see us through and out of this maze unharmed. Jew's demands at settlement having exceeded his original stiff bargain by only about two dollars, he received instructions to send around his honest friend the next day prepared to show it all. The gentleman to whom this assignment fell introduced himself in season as Mr. Wong. He had a companion of matronly breadth and genial disposition known as the Bo'sun. It was explained that we had no notion of overtaking our strength, patience or purses in this voyage, but if we wished to see the city from the ground up, we could not do better than begin with that lowly section in which the Bo'sun went her humble way. The Bo'sun's fame had preceded her. The night before, having had occasion to carry a passenger to a ship in the stream, she had joined the officers' mess, just to fill the table, borrowing \$10 for the purpose, and obliged the officers by remaining until she had \$33 in her sleeve pocket after discharging that loan. It is said that a wayfarer calling "Bo'sun" from the walled bank at Shameen, the foreign island, at any time between midday and midnight, may count on safe passage to his ship on a sampan that will instantly glide out from the crowd of that craft lying off shore, with sleek young women at the oars, ready to brighten the trip with their wit and to tarry at parting.

How many sampans the Bo'sun owns she has never said, but she prides herself on the daintiness of her crews, chosen from the water settlement, and credited with having become hers by purchase with good money. Before midday one might become hoarse shouting "Bo'sun," and must accept the services of Susan, or of some other compradoress to take him out to the ship, the Bo'sun declaring with the vehemence of a newspaper man that nothing must disturb her morning rest, holding herself, like that professional compeer, subject to the demands of emergency until sunrise.

Mr. Wong proposed that his charges start through the settlement in the Bo'sun's boats, which were small enough to penetrate the narrowest water lanes; thus enabling the passengers to bring under a sort of review the portions of the settlement not requiring more than cursory inspection and at the same time to observe at close range the lowly phase of life which the Bo'sun typified.

No one who has the pleasure of a visit to Canton yet ahead can appreciate the capacity of a sampan for bright adornment. It differs here as much as possible from the usual kind, which seldom knows paint and which at many ports would require evidence to clear it of the suspicion of having been used as a dump for fish, coal or other besmirching cargo. Occupants of a Bo'sun sampan make it part of their concern to look neat and attractive and they keep their boat so. By means of mat canopies they make two rooms of the boat, one for cooking and general living and the other a sitting place for passengers, of whom they may carry two comfortably. It

is this forward compartment that they decorate, with panels in colour designs at the sides of the canopy, sofa pillows against the back of the seat, and a pretty, small rug laid over the plank-ing below. They hang pictures from the panels, usually photographs or river scenes. One corner is commonly reserved for a fan-shaped array of visiting cards, testimonials of their acquaintance with quality all over the world.

Through the water roads and by-ways where these craft glide life is almost as varied as in the city streets. All kinds of business go on that a population of at least 100,000 people requires. Presumably the tradesmen have no outside demands, but everything needed by the colony may be bought aboard some boat. There are sellers of things to wear and to eat, people to consult about disputes and omens, dealers in drugs and those who find enough to do in making coffins. When the babies are unslung from mothers' backs they toss their chubby legs about the deck and blink with the solemn eyes that all Chinese youngsters have, at the sail and rigging and tiller and yuloh oars until they seem to know what is what as well as their elders. So a baby becomes part of a junk's crew as soon as it can keep its balance upright. Everywhere may be seen toddlers hanging over the rail to make something snug, tying up sail, helping to scull the yulohs and falling into the other arts of river navigation as if by instinct.

Always a helpmeet among the masses of the Chinese, woman is never more so than in boat life. She is usually at the rudder, or at one of the long oars, or is helping to hoist sail or to adjust

the sheets, and at the same time she must look after the domestic establishment, do the cooking and washing and mind the children. She performs each of these duties with stolid complacency. It is wholly beyond her to be joyous; on the other hand, she escapes the other extreme, and moves through life along her even way, with the weight of manifold responsibilities never lifted from her and yet quite free from any signs of small worry.

She always has her offspring about her, but they seem really the least of her cares. The baby occupies a bag in the middle of her back. It seems as though few of the waterwomen were without such an attachment. They go about their work with it as if it was no burden whatever. Sometimes the baby slips down so far in the bag that it is completely out of sight and its presence is indicated simply by a hunch. Any other baby in that position would either stifle or save itself from that fate by noisy alarm. How these pull through is one of the native mysteries. It may be that Chinese babies cry; if so, they do it all to themselves, realizing from birth that the family has a serious enough time of it to get along without being bothered with their petty troubles. What a baby as soon as it can propel itself will do about a boat is enough to throw any woman except a Chinese into a nervous fright. It goes everywhere that common sense would put up danger signs, and with as little concern as if it were walking a level pavement. The mother is apparently as serene over this performance as is the baby. Results invariably justify the confidence that nothing will happen. Whether this

comes from being born with sea-legs, or from the luck that is supposed to guide in safety the footsteps of the reckless, the water people do not inquire. The question is not practical enough to give them the slightest concern.

They know that from the beginning they held their own balance in careening weather while scampering like monkeys along the water's edge, with nothing between them and kingdom come except a strip of flapping, frail bamboo. Like the majority who sail less quiet water, the boatmen regard swimming as a useless accomplishment, not worth the effort needed to acquire it. If there were upsets or spills overboard there would be drowning. Since they are unheard of, the claim that they never occur does not seem open to dispute. The Bosun has chosen a fortunate time to show off the settlement. It is when the boats are seeking their berths after a busy day in loading or discharging cargo. The family crews divide, those with the father making secure everything that might tempt the cupidity of the heedless, and those with the mother preparing the evening meal. From a hold near the rudder post and extending as far below the water line as the draft of the boat permits, the resources of the larder come forth. An adjoining compartment provides the pantry.

A cylinder stove, made of baked clay or cement, about eight inches high and twice that in diameter, scooped deep at the top for fuel and with a slit near the lower edge for draft, is placed on top of the stern overhang, where a broad shelf holds it firm. Drift gathered by the children when they could not be more useful supplies the

provender for this apparatus. An iron pot and a long handled spoon for stirring complete the cooking outfit. Into the pot go water and rice as the basis, cabbage head and other greens and chunks of meat, fish or chicken, if they may be had. The stove becomes quite as hungrily enthusiastic over the meal preparations as does the family. It demands the undivided attention of one person to satisfy its ravenous little mouth, and it sputters and fumes until the pot is wholly enveloped in flame. When the river front blazes with several thousand of these beacons, even the foreign appetite cannot fail to be touched.

Mr. Wong and the Bo'sun have contrived a leisurely threading of the settlement so as to deposit their charges at last where they need not remain unfed should interior demands have become peremptory. This is the district of the flower boats, the Tenderloin of the water city, where the eye may be feasted, the ear charmed and stomach satisfied in infinite and pleasing variety. By comparison, the life where the Bo'sun dominates is prosaic, and the employment of her boats for a visit to this district may be likened to engaging friendly cabs for a round of the gaieties of a metropolis. The flower boats are affairs of frescoes, carving and embroideries, and all the fittings in upholstery and decoration that match these appointments. They lack only flowers, indeed, to justify the enticing title that they have appropriated. The garlands that some of them display have had too long service to seem real to even the most kindly visitor. But that is so small a flaw in the general glitter as hardly to be noticed.

Hospitality is the first law on board these craft, and when one of them goes into commission it is stocked with a restaurant, a sing-song hall and a full fledged theatre on occasion. The same artistes preside at all of these functions. Each wears a robe of flowered silk, and glistening hair set off with beads, and bracelets of real gold reaching to the elbow. There are cooks aboard who have learned how to avoid dishes too high for the foreign palate and yet to preserve enough of the native style to flatter a visitor that his educated taste adapts him to enjoying everything everywhere.

It is not until aids to digestion are tendered in the form of song that the artistes show at their best. The Chinese nightingale never sacrifices volume to melody. When she warbles her heart and diaphragm are both in it from the start. It must make a profound impression on those who can understand the language. The song is so absorbing that the visitor need have no dread of awkward pauses and unseemly remarks by the company while he is under-

going his novitiate with chopsticks. Moments glide into large multiples unnoticed while this revelry of minstrelsy, birds' nests, sharks' fins, suet, rice boiled trimmings and copious samshui continues.

Sight-seeing on land the day before offered no feature that differed strikingly from those possessed by other cities, except a proposition by the father of the head executioner to go fetch his son and to bare his parched wrinkled neck under the uplifted axe in order that visitors might see enacted all the details of an execution, minus the decisive blow. But the water life is distinctive. It is as much the life of another city as if miles instead of rods separated it from Canton. Since custom has set it apart and isolated it, while elsewhere the water population may be housed on land, it so absorbs the energies and interests of those who follow it that it furnishes a sight far and away ahead of any other afloat in this country of infinite water courses.

FREDERICK W. EDDY.



UPSET IN THE YANGTSE.

A RIVER TRAGEDY.

The following narrative written on water-soiled and scrappy paper was forwarded from Poshan, the first city in Szechuen province, coming up the Yangtze River, and is dated 4th May, 1901:—

The unexpected often happens, and the accident which makes it necessary to use this dirty scrap of paper to scribble you these few lines was very unexpected. In the Poshang Gorge, about fifteen li below the city of that name, on 1st May, between 4 and 5 o'clock p.m., our three-roomed houseboat was completely blown over by a sudden gust of wind coming down the mountain side. The wind was not thought to be strong enough at the time to make good speed, and as there was a place on the shore where the men could track with their rope, they were on the bank for that purpose, but the whirlwind was so sudden that it entirely capsized the boat in less than a minute, upsetting the men and pulling the rope from them. Thus, no blame can be attached to the boatmen for the accident; unless, it might be on account of the sail, which, being a side-sail, may have been too heavy for the boat. The boat was strong and well ballasted, but

narrow and not so deep as some of the other three roomed houseboats. The crew were all fine fellows and did not use opium. We were making extra good time, travelling over 500 li in five days, and we felt perfectly safe as the men all seemed so trustworthy, and knew their business so well that it never entered our minds to say to them "be careful." We had always a dread of houseboats, but this time everything seemed so favourable that we settled down in our moving home to study and enjoy ourselves until we found ourselves in the water. On the boat were myself, wife and three little girls, aged respectively, five years, three years and four months, and a Chinese cook, a teacher and an amah. I was sitting in the front room talking with the teacher; my wife was in the middle room writing to her mother; the amah was sitting there also with the baby in her arms, and the cook was baking in the back room with my two little girls intently watching him.

Suddenly there came a great gust of wind which turned the boat flat on its side, and the frail craft immediately filled and sank, so that nothing remained above water except the gunwale on the port side. I at first tried to get

through the door to my wife, but then thought it would be better to get out through the window and try to pull the others out of the other windows. I got through and pulled my wife and oldest daughter out through the middle window. The child had run to her mother as the boat was going over, saying "This is a queer boat to fall like this." The men working the sail and at the helm did good service by helping our teacher out. Our second girl and the cook were thrown into the water, where the child clung to the cook, who passed her over to the helmsman, who saved her. We owe the life of our daughter to the faithful cook and helmsman. The amah in the middle room with the little baby in her arms, was thrown violently down, and the table striking her, she became unconscious and lost hold of the baby. I caught the amah through the window and with the assistance of a boatman hauled her through the aperture being only about one foot square and the woman weighing about 200 pounds. Thus all aboard the boat were saved except the poor little infant. We grappled for the body in vain. The child is buried in the great deep of the Poshan Gorge, with the towering rocks on either side for her monument, waiting "till He come."

Behold us now, having all got out of the interior of the boat, perched on the gunwale of the capsized craft and drifting rapidly down the stream with the current. There was a small boat close along shore with some men in her whom we hailed for assistance, but the fellows began to argue with us about the price to be paid for taking us off before they would come to our aid. At last a suitable reward being agreed

upon they started to paddle out towards us, but just at that moment one of the regular river life-boats came to our relief and took us all off the wreck. The men in the life-boat were very kind to us, wrapping us up in their own clothes and doing everything in their power to make us comfortable. Afterwards a second "red" or life-boat came to our assistance and we all started in company down stream in the wake of the drifting wreck. After some time the boatmen succeeded in attaching a rope to the wreck, and at last, after drifting some 30 li they got the overturned craft to the bank, pulling her ashore near a little jutting point of rock, called Kao Min-beh. It was then dark but we roped the boat securely to the rock and the life-boatmen promised to help us in the morning to get some of our things out.

Our amah came to all right in time but wept bitterly for the little baby. Then she said she would see her again in Heaven because Jesus loved children and had said "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Soon all was still but the moaning of the wind and the rippling of the water, which was then rising rapidly. We knew that this meant the deeper filling of the overturned boat and feared she might sink altogether out of sight before morning. The moon was shining beautifully, silvering the majestic rocky cliffs around us, so, our two girls being asleep and warmly wrapped up in the life-boatmen's clothing, my wife and I crept out to search once more for the remains of our precious baby; but as might have been expected our quest was of no avail. When morning came we easily persuaded some of the kind-hearted life-boatmen to help us to look for the

little corpse; but, alas, the result of their search was the same as before.

Our boat contained all our most precious keepsakes and wedding presents, college diplomas, ordination parchments, photographs, etc., which we brought from Chentu last summer to save them from the rioters; also our good clothes, cooking utensils and bedding, together with stores enough to last us for the next two or three years, and many new books, drugs and other goods. Then there were all our servants' boxes on board, containing among other things the curios they had bought in Japan while there with us last year. A few of the boatmen together with me and the cook tried every effort to get the boxes out, but they were so heavy with water, and there being nothing solid for us to stand upon, we found it impossible to lift the trunks. The rock to which the boat was moored was perpendicular and the water very deep. We had thus to work under great disadvantages, and the best we could do was to unlock

the boxes or smash them open and take out the contents. These were thrown into small boats and rowed to a convenient place on the opposite shore where we could dry the recovered articles. We got out what silver we had with us and all the cash except five thousand. The boat sank to rise no more about 24 hours after it had first capsized about 30 li higher up the river.

The sun came out bright and clear and the day proved a fine one for drying the things we had succeeded in getting out of the boat, but we found rubbers, boots, gloves, and everything that could be mismated had its mate missing, thus rendering much we had worked so hard to save useless. But we were very thankful for the few things we had saved. Our college diplomas were lost and our presents were all gone or destroyed. Still we and our two children were spared, for which wonderful deliverance we return thanks to the Almighty.

W. E. SMITH.



PORTUGAL'S SPORTING COLONY.

Macao, 5th June, 1901.

There are certain things that passengers must not do who would observe the proprieties of travel between Canton and Macao, on the boats of the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Co. They appear in print on the cabin walls, and lest those who pay five dollars for the trip may think that they are not intended for them but merely for the occupants of the cabin in which the fare is one dollar and twenty cents, the Company has chosen the most prominent place in the first saloon for their display. This is a copy of the rules in the Company's own English.

Passengers are not allowed to smoke opium in the saloon.

Passengers missing any luggage after the steamer having left the wharf should report his loss to the comprador and if they have any suspicion against anyone on board they should make a search jointly with the Compradore.

Passengers shall not interfere with the furnishings in the saloon or soil them in any way.

If the saloon boys shall do anything to offend the passengers, the passengers shall not punish him, but inform the Captain of the same.

No passengers shall laugh or talk loudly at night so as not to disturb the other passengers.

While quiet demeanor and language are insured on the Kiangtung by these rules, and professional travel by barbers is interdicted, there are notions of propriety on the ship in relation to which the law is unwritten. One of them was recently brought to the attention of a woman missionary journeying this way, who not wishing to be roused at the hotel for the early start that the boat was to make, decided to go aboard the night before. When shown to her stateroom by the native boy, she was not a little surprised to see in the lower berth a person wearing a beard. Her effects and those of the other occupant of the room lay piled together in one corner. She turned to the boy and asked him what it meant. "You can go in all plopa" the boy replied reassuringly. "He belong joss pidgin, all same like you." The man was a missionary, and it had not occurred to the boy that two persons of that calling would wish more than one stateroom.

As one becomes seasoned to travel in these waters compensations appear for the monopolistic rates that the com-

panies charge, in the comforts that the boats provide. Transition to hot weather as the year advances occurs sometimes so rapidly as to find land quarters unprepared for it. On most of the ships fans may be set going to keep the air in motion and the steward knows how to stock a larder better than the hotel manager commonly inflicted on those who travel. One may expect a full table on a ship even when lying in port. The ships that make this trip of 90 miles furnish no exception to the rule.

Whatever respect may be paid to medical precepts in general, the one that cautions those moving about from place to place against drinking water is rarely unheeded. Even the missionaries bear it in mind. The other night one of the passengers on the Kiangtung who found a bottle of claret he had ordered not sufficient for himself and an acquaintance with whom he shared it, called for a second bottle of the same label. The first bottle had been one of the regulation kind, which obscured the liquid until it came from the neck. Its successor was of clear glass on which a pronounced stain remained when the contents were poured off. Concerned by the contrasting appearance of the two orders, and thinking that perhaps there might be something to be said in favour of abstinence in this region, the diner called the steward to account. It was all right, the steward declared, the wine was the same, but some of it had come in one kind of bottle and some in another kind. "My tinkee" the diner responded, tackling pidgin, "wine in number one bottle so much more bad than wine in number two bottle, it make number one bottle

black." "My askee" the steward said solemnly, but the report upon his asking had not been prepared by the end of that trip.

As at the land resorts, the meals on board ship are supplemented by tea and toast served soon after daylight and late in the afternoon. The conclusion may stand, drawn from yielding to this weakness all the way down the China coast, that the Chinese have not the first notion how to make tea fit to drink when they serve foreigners. Who taught them that foreigners like tea boiled black, its flavor destroyed and something put in it to justify a betting proposition that it may be tea, coffee or any patent substitute for either, is probably dead and getting his deserts. A Chinese cook is an apt scholar, but it is hard to reform him when he gets started wrong. So one who has any other aim in life may as well save his breath. The universal habit of tea drinking in China is no matter for wonder. The people make tea for themselves perfectly. There need never be the slightest question that when tea is served in Chinese style it will have all the aroma and freshness and all the palatable and composing qualities of that plant. Every native knows with certainty the steeping quality of tea leaves and how to steep them with the best results. It would drive the Chinese to almost anything else if they were required to drink the compound that they smilingly set before foreigners in foreign houses. The only chance a foreigner has of getting the proper thing is to buy native tea and boil water for himself, or take the risks of contact with things unclean in the Chinese shops, that serve tea.

Macao's black and bright sides occupy relatively the two slopes of a roof, a ridge of hill parting them. The black side has been given all sorts of fanciful names, but it is enough that it displays vice in forms altogether unattractive, that this vice is licensed and yields nearly all the revenue that the Portuguese colony gets; and that it enjoys so much the favour of the worthless or dangerous, from the surrounding land and waters, that police boats keep continually circling about the harbour to give warning of the approach of such visitors to the land authorities, and perchance to detain some of them occasionally when caught putting into practice their theory that private rights in property need not be respected. Since some of the merchants keep gigmen for water service who may do police work on call, and there is a fair-sized military force subject to orders for any service, the official statement that vice is made profitable by regulating does not seem to lack visual support.

Not much is seen or heard of gigmen except in the South, but if they may be judged by the recent performance of a crew of them at Amoy, they would seem to be fitted by temperament and inclination not only to overtake offenders against the law or suspects, but to save the authorities all subsequent trouble in relation to them. The Amoy crew bought a promissory note for thirty dollars, which was one year old. According to the arithmetic they used, their claim for principal and interest amounted in all to sixty-six dollars. The maker of the note was dead and the surety had disappeared. One night they overhauled a relative of the endorser and took him to the

warehouse of an American merchant, where they belonged. They chained his feet together, his hands behind his back and tied his queue taut to a nail in the wall. Such sleep as the prisoner got by morning was in that attitude.

As many persons visited the warehouse in the daytime, the prisoner was loosened before business began, but he was not left unguarded for an instant. The various gigmen singly left with him through the day continually besought him to restitution of their honest dues of sixty-six dollars and to repentance that he should have a relative so unscrupulous as to go away after endorsing a note. He was sorry enough, but as he could not pay the money he passed the second night with his captors as he had the first. Still another day and another night took flight as slowly. He had been permitted all this time to soak a little uncooked rice in cold water, but the total quantity was not more than as much as he would have cooked for one meal, had it been for him to say what should satisfy him. On the following day his family, who had been searching for him, learned where he was. They complained to the merchant who owned the warehouse, and the case reached the American Consul.

When the gigmen in turn became prisoners, one of them broke down and fainted, the second trembled and cried for mercy and another had the bold defence that he was justified in what he had done because the relative of the endorser, while the kidnapping was in progress, had resisted, and in so doing he had torn the gigman's frock. A rent was exhibited to prove how badly the endorser's relative had behaved. The Consul forfeited the note

and gave the gignen a chance to see how real prison life compared with the amateur affair that they had devised.

How far the gignen here may assist the police water patrol is a matter for arrangement among themselves, and what they do on separate account is their own affair probably, for the colony is not worth Consular attention. There is certainly enough to do on the water to keep busy a competent force, for Macao is the natural resort for smugglers in women and in merchandise, for pirates and for the riff-raff of these unruly waters. It aspires to be a resort for Europeans, holding out for that purpose license to engage unmolested in all forms of gambling and dissipation, and providing in the better section fine houses, shaded drives as smooth as in any park, and public gardens beautifully laid out and always rich in bloom. This treasure of man's making has the prettiest setting of sea and hill to be found on the China coast.

One of the most stately of the houses is occupied by Chan Ah Fong, the progenitor of the well known Afong family of Honolulu. All Honolulu knows of his ante-nuptial agreement with the Portuguese woman whom he married there, that should fortune favor him sufficiently to enable him to provide well for her, he might be permitted without hindrance to seek in China the woman to whom he had been betrothed in his youth. When the time came for which he had longed, he gave his wife enough property and money to maintain in elegant comfort herself and their dozen or more daughters, and came to China to redeem his early betrothal. His two sons call this their home and come over weekly from

Hongkong, where they are in business. On the balconies that enclose the several stories of his mansion may be frequently seen women whose dress rivals in brilliancy the flowers that fill the balcony rails, and all of whom look young and graceful. What relation they bear to father and sons the foreigner is not permitted to know. Affairs seem to go as well with the father under his full Chinese name as they did in Honolulu where Ah Fong suited him, in spite of the family anglicization into Afong. Reports say that he is taking on mines and putting through other large enterprises that yield him fortunes yearly. He is not in China, but a residence here keeps him always within physical view and easy reach of the mainland and it affords him elegancies which he could hardly expect on soil wholly native.

Those who frequent Macao for the legalized sanction that gambling and other vice enjoy are quite indifferent to the attractions of art and nature on the other side of the hill. This assertion stands good when reversed. The only interest ever manifested by the sporting element in the picturesque section appears in a bronze statue erected in a pretty park to Count Bernardino de Senna Fernandes. Those who knew the gentleman in life say that the Lisbon artist who moulded his features and figure to resemble an Italian statesman must have got his idea from the title and could not have known that a Chinese mustache is never as full or as bristling as that which he gave the Count. Of course the sculptor had nothing to do with the origin of the title, of which no detailed account is in print as to this holder of it. The inscription says that the statue is there

as a tribute to the Count's public spirit and to his exalted services in behalf of the commercial interests of Macao. In other words, it was the Count's genius which conceived the license system which provides not only for the adornment and maintenance of Macao, but enables that colony to spare from its surplus sufficient to make good the annual deficit of Timor, which otherwise would be a burden to Portugal in the East.

The one thing to which Macao closes its doors is mission work. There are seven churches of which six are Catholic, and the authorities think that they are quite competent to take care of the spiritual needs of the district. Hence when the Chinese troubles came, and missionaries sought refuge here; those who were permitted to land at all had to agree that they

would not try to cultivate this field, and would depart as soon as quiet was restored at their stations. On a hill at one end of the town stands the front wall of St. Paul's Church, the remainder of the building having been destroyed by fire 60 years ago. Religious jealousy perhaps applied the torch. It is said that the authorities let the wall stand not only as an interesting architectural relic but also as an object lesson and warning against the encouragement of anything that might tend toward the turmoil of religious dissension. Neither the enriching flow of high life in the East, nor the placid and complacent temper induced by the Macao code of ethics is to be disturbed, if the authorities can prevent it, by the strife of clashing church creeds.

FREDERICK W. EDDY.



RELIGION IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Among the delusions likely to be cleared away in the near future is that relating to the religion of the Philippine people. The Roman Catholic faith got early foothold and prevailed for 300 years because it was the religion of the state. Any other sect allied to Spain might have won lip allegiance as thoroughly. Had another sect enjoyed the powers which Spain conferred on the Catholics, and had it used those powers as did the friars, for the oppression of the people, revolt would have occurred as it did, with abuse by religious teachers at the bottom of it. There would have been the same record to present in respect to any government here in which church and state were merged into one sovereignty. When the assertion is made that these are a Catholic people, bound by loyalty or conviction to that faith, new evidence must be brought out to sustain it. They liked the glitter and show of Romish ceremony, as they had liked before the pageantry of Buddhism. To that extent mainly did the faith kindle sincere interest in them. A substitute involving song, colour and gaudy processions would appeal to their interest now more strongly than any other because of

these accessories, but religious practices the most sedate would be widely accepted were there an American church, conducted along those lines. With freedom of worship assured, there will doubtless be room for all creeds in the religious future of the Islands.

Protestant mission work has not become widespread, but where introduced it is progressive. A Methodist missionary has enrolled many converts in the district of Tondo, Manila. It happens that the insurrecto feeling ran high there, a circumstance worth remembering in estimating the quality of this result. How far it may have been impelled by hatred of the friars, by a desire to advertise popular defiance to Catholic authority, and in gratification of personal spites may be better judged after its endurance shall be tested. The Presbyterians are also active here and the Episcopalians have established themselves.

Reaction against the Catholic church because of friar abuses is active, if not general. It has driven out many who content themselves with the mere declaration that they have become churchless. Others, less peaceable in thought or speech, urge rebellion or general departure from the faith. To

this sort of agitation may doubtless be attributed the burning of churches and the destruction of parish property in various quarters. The bulk of the people look passively on while the troops occupy the conventos for barracks. Friars remain away, and in some of the provinces services rarely occur and many feast days pass unheeded. Spiritual homes in which communities were reared have lost their divine office through profane use. Respect for them has faltered and they inspire little awe. Traditions that sanctified them through the worship of generations linger mainly for scoffing. If the spirit of iconoclasm is not abroad, a sullen mood rests upon the people. There may not be danger of a lapse into idolatry, as has been apprehended. Time for that or for anything similar has not come, if threatened at all. The people are simply content without spiritual guidance, in the immensity of their relief at being rid of the grievous rule of the friars.

Thus the field may not be ripe for new harvesters in place of those no longer wanted. Perhaps it has been so hard worked that it needs rest. The masses know what they would avoid, but only to that extent has fixity of purpose asserted itself among them. Wholesale agitation at this time by mission effort might inflame conditions which it were better for the present, in the interests of public order, to keep fallow. Catholic inactivity may be explained by this view, for it seems inconceivable that the authorities of that church can fail to appreciate that if their faith is to recover, its standing as a spiritual agency, new apostles must be sent to

uphold it. An experience of 300 years in dealing with these islands must count for something in estimating how the present situation should be handled. The conclusion may thus be too swift that in its failure to fill the field with a priesthood in sympathy with republican government or trained to respect it and conform to it, the church is throwing away its opportunity here and is opening the door for Protestantism to enter. Since there may be work enough for all, the Catholic Church, so convinced and conscious of the obstacles that must oppose its own progress, may well prefer to save what it can by resuming activity in company rather than incur risks of failure by flying in the face of animosities possibly perilous. A cautious policy now will find that church in the lead whenever religious work may be opportunely pushed. If the prelates think it politic to await that time there will at least be defensible reason for so doing. A liberalized system, adapted to new conditions of government, may be as profitably undertaken later on as now.

Fine physical equipment for workers in that faith is already provided and ready for use. The people at large know no other church, and when they feel assured that its ministers can never become invested with civil authority, and will be powerless to affect the material fortunes or the liberties of the individual, wise guidance ought to do it good service. Advantage also may as well be recognized and emphasized which comes from the inborn love of the people for ceremony that appeals to the sight and hearing. The imagery of the Roman service and

the rich musical variation which it affords are well calculated, as said above, to attract and impress them. It is said that the early missionaries made the greatest headway when they had adapted the Bible to native song. Advances accompanying Roman supremacy here catered to the common passion for glittering sights and sensuous melodies, rather than restrained it. A new experience awaits the people when spiritual guides shall seek to lead them into other paths without attractions devised to captivate the eye and ear.

It has been said many times by those having opportunity to observe the temper of the masses, and it may be regarded as the common belief among Americans, that the Catholic church has acquired a hold so strong as to make it the best medium for the spiritual instruction of the people. This judgment is cursory rather than studied. Military inquiry confirmed testimony gathered from other sources that the friars were almost universally hated, because of behaviour and practices quite apart from their sacred functions. Since this testimony did not berate the church or its ministers in respect to affairs spiritual, but confined itself to an arraignment of the priests for the meddlesome tyrannies in which they indulged in the political civil and domestic life of the islands, the inference was drawn that the people loved the church while despising its agents. Had inquiry probed, judgment would not have rested on such fine ethics. Filipinos are a people in whom impulse is strong, and disclosures and conditions brought to the surface in the various islands indicate that the church and its agents have not been everywhere dissociated. The

church stood as an instrument of oppression, and in many places its influence has so far waned that it must build anew to secure itself in public affection.

How it may go about this task, and how its efforts will be met or counterbalanced by opposing creeds, the contending authorities must decide. Results having permanent value are not in any case likely to be hurriedly reached. It has been suggested that when the reactionary spirit shall subside, the inclination of the masses will favour the faith in which they were trained, and that better service can be done through an American priesthood than through any other agency. Obvious as are the reasons for this view, the Catholic authorities show no signs of concurrence in it.

Their policy is a waiting one, perhaps for reasons already indicated. It is hardly probable that they mean to persist in their declared purpose to return the friars to the parishes. Such a course could only incite disorder, riot and assassination. Nor are they likely to mistake the opinions regarding their superior opportunities, for special sympathy with the faith which they support. Such opinion is based on material rather than on spiritual grounds, in the belief that the Filipinos as a people need the restraining influence of such power as the church exercises over its adherents, to guide the common impulse aright and to hold in proper check its vagaries. If the church is waiting merely in order that it may occupy the field in company with sects against which no clamor or prejudice has been roused, willing to stand and work in peaceful rivalry, discretion may be said to have supplanted zeal in its counsels.

There are other reasons than those dictated by prudence or fear that argue against the return of the friars. Their fall from political estate is one of them. When an increase of troops in these colonies was proposed in Spain, Don Marceline Orza, then Governor-General, wrote to the King, "Send me 40 friars; they will serve better than 40 battalions." A friar was worth a garrison in his power over the people. Every parish composed a political district under the priest's direction. Had government through the priests been wisely directed, Spain might have had in these islands resources in men capable not only of resisting invasion but of defending or pushing in this part of the world any enterprise in which that nation might have seen fit to engage. The scandal that attached to the personal lives of the friars was a flagrant, but by no means the most important or most repugnant manifestation of the folly of relegating civil interests to their control. When their encroachments had made them the landlord class of the islands; had placed entire communities under tribute always exacting and of burdensome growth; had subjected all civil and political administration, even the home government yielding to this dictation; had forced deportations to satisfy personal revenges, or the cravings of lust; perpetrating these offences by the authority of holy office, the wonder is not at the animosity of the people but at the length of their forbearance.

Revolt signalized the failure of friar rule, but it also left the friars no better disposed toward the people than were the people toward them. One of their number recently voiced this con-

temptuous feeling by characterizing the people as of unstable character and small capacity for improvement; a race of mimics, apt in memory and in imitation, but with no creative power; acting in their parental relation like animals, affectionate and ferocious in turn toward their off-spring; without sincerity in their friendships or pity toward their kind. Whatever the merit of this characterization, it stands as a self-drawn certificate of the results of friar ministrations to an entire people for a period of 300 years. The attitude of people and friars toward each other, as thus outlined, shows how impossible future relations are between them. Parish work can proceed in peace only if confided to priests unconnected with any of the offending order.

These are the conditions upon which Protestantism has to build. The multitude of grievances that underlie them can hardly be so soon forgotten as to make haste in the work either necessary or desirable. If results are to be sought with a view to permanency, the best opinion is that they will not be helped by inflaming passion and prejudice already distorted, and that unyielding counsels should hold the religious reaction in its proper place, and not permit it to influence the new political environment of the islands. The task is far from light in view of the habit of the people for generations to view church and state as one, and it may be increased if efforts shall be so directed as to excite rather than to convince the people, and thus retard the normal development which all sober interests desire.

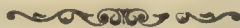
It may be said that Protestant work so far has been on the whole temperate

and judicious. The activity displayed in its behalf has perhaps had warrant in the general agitation, embracing all subjects, to which the people here have become accustomed. Elsewhere it has taken mild forms of ingratiation. There is a school at Iloilo, and a missionary at Damagnete, in Negros, has started a school for the purpose of making friends with the people before he will undertake church work of any kind. At both of those stations the missionaries are eager and zealous. They believe that more will be gained if the reactionary spirit of the day be permitted to cool and to settle into deliberate conviction, than by inflaming it and possibly inducing worse confusion than already exists. That seems to be the disposition among missionaries who have gone out from Manila to various districts. They are agreed that the people among themselves are at present doing as good work as can be done for the Protestant cause, and that missionary activity in the spiritual field may well be restrain-

ed until it may be exercised without fear of misinterpretation and may be tendered to the people for their free and unprejudiced consideration.

The operation of the rule in relation to religious instruction in the schools is interesting as illustrative of the light hold that the church now has on the common mind. Since the Civil Commission could not authorize religious instruction at public expense, it yielded to importunity and inserted in the school bill a provision that instruction might be furnished without cost before or after school hours, to children whose parents requested it. The adverse comment provoked by this provision was perhaps quite as strong as would have been adverse comment the other way had the Commission refused to touch the matter. But not a request has yet been made by a parent for such instruction to a child in any school. Both sides are now pleased, one that the law is there, and the other that its operation has not been invoked.

FREDERICK W. EDDY.



THE HANGCHOW BORE.

Leaving Shanghai at 11 o'clock on Saturday morning, the 3rd October, 1903, we were able to sail with a good following breeze. The result was a record passage, passing Kazay at daylight on Sunday, and passing Kashing at about 10 o'clock. After a short ramble through the Loong Wong Chi, beautifully situated on an island on the waters to the south-east of Kashing, sailing was resumed, and Kazay, with its splendidly placed pagoda on the top of a rounded hill, was reached just at dusk. On account of the difficult passage through the narrow, stone lined canal dividing this town into two sections, which saved us some twenty li, the boat was tied up for the night, and a fresh start was made on Monday morning at daylight. Haining city, with its pretty water gate facing the creek by which the place is approached, and the splendid stone bund lining the upper limit of the blind creek, was reached at 12.45, an hour too late to see the Bore. This our boatmen say is the fastest passage any of them have ever made in a house-boat not towed.

THE SEA WALL.

This is faced here with sixteen rows of stone each about a foot thick, and the

base further protected by piles driven deep into the river bed to a level with the bottom (visible) tier, extending out about twenty feet, in two sections, each section of pile heads being the resting place for a wide tier of heavy granite stones and back of the stone facing an earthen embankment some thirty feet broad formed the sea wall, the whole being completed by still another embankment about ten feet high built upon the back of the main wall. This arrangement was found later to be the prevailing one even ten miles below the pagoda, and those who have travelled it assert that this sea wall extends from outside Woosung, in almost perfect repair to far above Hangchow city several hundred miles in all. At places where the bore strikes with unusual force, buttresses, formed of long piles and bundles of brushwood, as high as the main embankment and in places a couple of hundred yards thick, have been placed. As could be seen at places these buttresses require constant attention and repair, as the boiling incoming bore, constantly striking at different angles through variations of wind, etc., often wash away long stretches.

The usual viewing place for foreigners is from a fine pavilion built close by the Pagoda just below Haining city wall. As a rule this place is deserted at high bores, though, as will be seen later on, there are occasions when pavilion, pagoda and bund are thronged.

THE NIGHT BORE.

Owing to heavy rain, and thick clouds which obscured the moon, all idea of seeing the midnight bore on Monday night was abandoned. But at 10.30 p.m. the roar was distinctly heard, and the rain had opportunely ceased, a hurried change was made, followed by a quick walk to the Pagoda, the roar continually increasing. For a few minutes nothing could be seen, the night being dark. But just before 11 o'clock a line of foam could be seen, and at 11 o'clock sharp the bore passed with a terrific roar, the sound ceasing abruptly, as the wind from the east carried it on. This bore was estimated to be only about six feet high nothing like the size named by other observers.

TUESDAY'S BORE.

Next morning the Pavilion was reached just before 11 o'clock, the weather being bright but overcast. The Bore was first sighted at 11 o'clock, well to the north of the channel apparently inside of the islands in the distance. As it advanced toward us it spread out toward the south bank, finally occupying the entire space to the opposite shore, two or three miles distant. The roar of the incoming tide was heard almost as soon as it was seen. Slowly but irresistably the boiling line of foam advanced, somewhat higher well off shore than nearer

in. To understand the phenomenon it must be remembered that all the time the Bore is approaching the ebbside is rushing out at mill-race speed. The incoming tide meets such opposition that it is piled up in a bank, varying in height from a foot or two to ten, fifteen or even twenty feet. As this bank forces its way up against the ebb, the latter is continually forcing its way beneath, carrying the lower portion of the flood with it. The consequence is that the upper portion of this solid wall of water is continually being forced ahead and over the front of the wall forming a mass of foaming cascades the height of the bore and miles long. This falling water and the impact of the ebb and flow it is which causes the roar which is so characteristic of this titanic struggle which takes place twice daily, with more or less violence, day by day, month by month, yearly and for ages.

The Bore passed the Pagoda at 11.25, and was about eight feet high along the bund but appeared to be several feet higher further out in the stream.

KAHLER CREEK.

A start was then made, in company with another boat met at Haining, through "Gem," or as it will probably be known in the future, Kahier Creek, leading off to the left just inside the last bridge before the bund is reached. This proved a beautiful piece of travelling, the only trouble being experienced at the second bridge, where bamboo scaffolding, apparently put up when repairing, blocks up the passage, so the boat found at Haining could not pass and had to be left. Yulohing gently from 1 to 5.30 took us about 29 li, to a place called Ding Kapa-

chiao. A villager having been induced to show the way to the sea wall, said to be three li distant, the party walked. The distance was nearer eight li, as it took us 45 minutes brisk walking in the dusk to reach the wall. The walk back by faint moonlight, through paddy fields, with the inevitable innumerable cuttings, took the gist out of still another trip at midnight and all idea of seeing the bore then was abandoned.

This, Tuesday night, turned out the finest night trip so far, the sky clear, and a perfectly round moon shining down on a peaceful scene, the water motionless and reflecting the stars, while on either side of the creek was tall grass and trees.

THE ECLIPSE.

None of us being astronomically inclined, it was with surprise that soon after 11 o'clock one of us saw what was apparently a very new moon shining down from mid-heaven. It took a moment to realise that this was a very good eclipse, only about a tenth of the moon's disc being visible at the time of greatest obscuration. This was indeed a treat to most of us, the conditions for watching the progress of the earth's shadow over the moon being almost ideal.

THE WALL AT CHIN BOW.

The next morning before 10 o'clock a start was made for the seawall, which was reached this time in half an hour. Some time was spent in examining the sea wall and buttress. The latter was two or three hundred feet thick and extended both ways for a long distance, we being then on the 9th section below Haining. In front of our position there were the remains

of either further extensions of the buttress or a sea foot in front, as rows upon rows of large piles showed their tops above the water level. At one spot there was a piece of granite wall some forty feet long, ten wide and fifteen feet high composed of blocks of stone five feet long, eighteen inches wide and a foot thick, laid together in alternate rows; i.e. lengthwise and across, forming good binding. So well was this laid originally that the ruins now, although tilted considerably, still hold together and look as if nothing would break the lot up except such undermining as will overturn the whole piece. Evidences of the constant care bestowed on the buttress were plentiful. The portion of the buttress upon which we stood was filled in with mud, only recently laid, while just beyond was a portion of the buttress filled in newly with bundles of brushwood, but not yet covered with mud. It is worth mentioning that here, miles below Haining, the main wall was in even better repair than at the latter place. The whole embankment was planted with three rows of graceful willow trees giving it the appearance of a boulevard, while the portion of the buttress nearest the stone embankment had also willow trees of several years growth scattered about it.

WEDNESDAY'S BORE.

From descriptions of past bores as seen about that place our expectations ran high for a fine sight. At 11 o'clock a long line of breakers became visible in the distance, south of the Island in the mouth of the estuary. Eight minutes later another wave, whose origin was hidden by the contour of the land, came into view from the north side, apparently a third

of the distance to the island, but clearly visible. At 11.16 these two waves were seen distinctly closing up, one coming roughly from the North East and the other from South East. These two waves met half a mile or so below us, considerable commotion being visible, and about the time of collision a third wave was seen in the distance to the south. The united waves, now forming the bore proper, came forward and passed us at 11.25. It was disappointingly small, barely reaching to the foot of the buttress, only raising the level of the water three or four feet inshore, although a few hundred feet from shore, about the point of collision between the two original waves, the wall may have been ten feet high. Much disappointed at seeing even less of a bore than at Haining the day before, we waited for the third wave, but this was absorbed by the tide, only manifesting its influence by a few larger waves than the mass of the tide.

THURSDAY'S BORE—A FIZZLE.

A return was then made to Haining, and upon going up to the stone bunding it was immediately evident that the place was en fête. Where usually only a few cargo boats are tied up there were now hundreds, mostly the smaller class of passenger boats so common all over this part of China. The road along the top of the bund was crowded with people, many in holiday attire, while here and there in the crowd were the ubiquitous vendors of greasy hot cakes and other native delicacies. When the seawall in front of the Pagoda and Pavilion was reached, the foreigners were not the only attraction. For a mile below the Pagoda the seawall

was filled with crowds, about the pavilion was packed. The pagoda, usually deserted and standing serenely unconscious of the turmoil nearing it, was on this occasion filled with natives to the topmost balcony, the three sides from which the bore could be seen being crowded to the last possible man. The pavilion itself was in possession of yamen runners, a table hung with red cloth, with the usual square, solid looking chairs around it indicating, that it was reserved for officials. Hither, in time to see the bore pass, came the Haining Taotai Hsien and the principal officials of the town. They only remained a few minutes, leaving at once after the sight. We took up a position on the small buttress a quarter mile below the pavilion, and at once (11.55) saw the bore in the distance on the north side. This spread out as usual to the north, and approached rapidly, but as the wind was northerly the roar was not heard until just before the passage of the bore, timed at 12.20. This bore, expected to have been the largest one of the year, in whose honour the city officials made a pilgrimage in state, did not come up to programme, as it was not over eight or nine feet high when it passed. Just as this bore passed, another large wave was seen in the distant south, but this also was lost in travelling, though it raised the water alongside the wall a couple of feet or so.

The following notes of heights of water were taken. Before the bore came up, fifteen tiers of stone (say 15 feet) were visible, the sea foot sloped about 2 feet and the water was about 4 feet below this, or say 21 feet below level of seawall. Just after the bore

passed only 11 tiers were visible, making the estimated rise say 10 feet. The water fell to allow the 12th tier to be freely seen five minutes after passage. At 12 40, the tide rushing up like a mill race, the water had risen three tiers, say three feet, and was only 9 feet below the level of the Bund, and still rising.

Altogether, the three bores seen this year were none of them up to expectation, nor were they equal to one

seen about the same time last year.

During the two days at Haining several foreigners were seen, and on the day of arrival several boats were seen returning, so that probably nearly thirty witnessed one or the other of the big ones. This seems to prove that the residents of Shanghai are becoming aware of the sight almost at their doors, which is more thought of in other countries than by the Westerners resident in China



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Author

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